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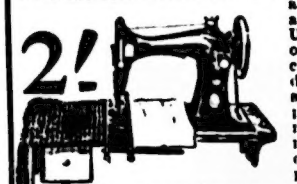

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2 Soft Woolly Blankets 90 x 70
2 Good Strong Sheets 90 x 70
2 White Pillow Slips 30 x 18
1 White Bolster Case 58 x 18
1 Beautiful Painted Fawn Bedspread 80 x 60

ALL DOUBLE BED SIZE (*Note the measurements.*) Made for lasting wear. Complete Bale for ONLY **20/-** Carr. Paid. Cash or C.O.D.

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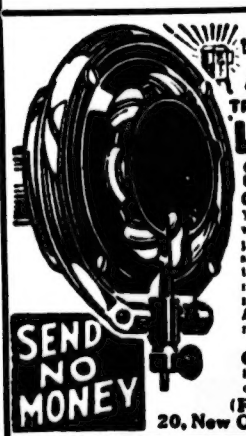

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8/- weekly 11/- in all.

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State whether sounding fits in or slips over the tone-arm.

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Use this FREE Service.

LOCAL trade is limited, so why not increase sales by mail order, the modern method of trading, and display your goods in JOHN BULL'S "Shop Window."

JOHN BULL is ready to give you frank advice on the subject of selling by post and prepared to have your advertisement expertly designed and written.

A shopkeeper writes: "Yours is surely the most helpful service ever offered to the small but progressive retailer." Why not find out whether your goods are suitable for Mail Order? You entail no obligation and the service is quite free!

Write now: Manager, Ideas and Sales Development Dept., "John Bull," 97, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

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For storing Coal, Cycles, Prams, Household Goods, etc. Prompt despatch. Carriage Paid to your station in 6 strong, easily erected sections. 5/8-in. planed, moulded, rebated weather boards. Roofing Felt supplied. Floors extra.

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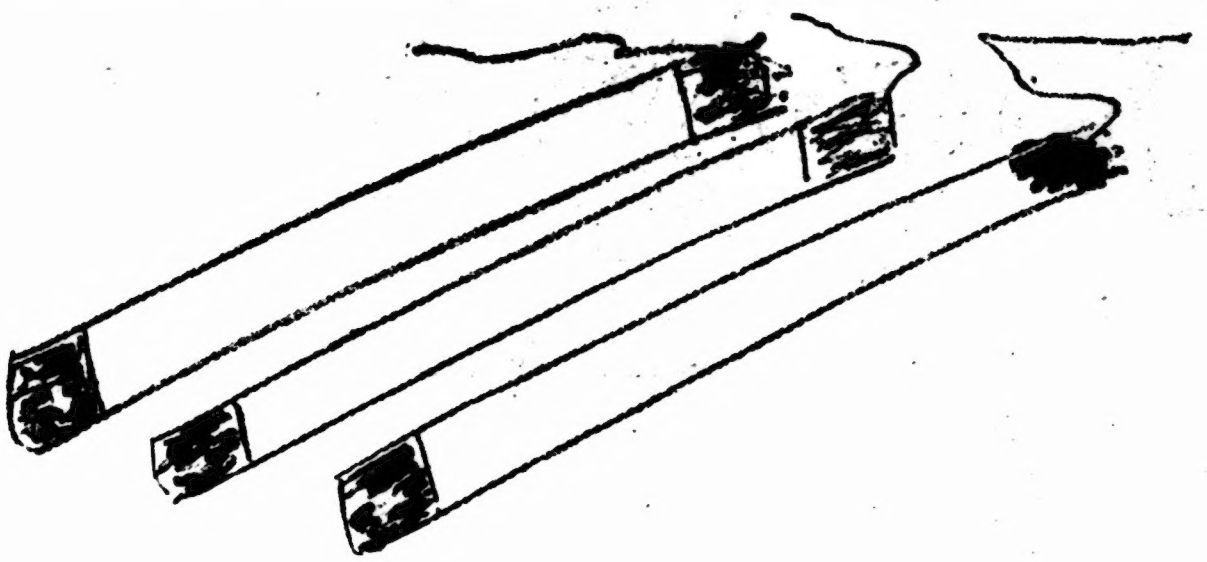
MORE POSTAL BARGAIN OFFERS appear on PAGE 10



Most Cigarettes look alike I suppose it cannot be helped Too bad- but I thought they all smoked alike until I tried

Craven "A"

and now I know the difference — Do you?

Of Course they Cannot hurt your throat —

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JOHN BULL

For the People— —the Right to Justice and Truth

THURSDAY,
for Week ending Saturday, Oct. 18, 1930. Twopence. Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Postage: Inland and Canada, ½d; all other parts of the world, 1½d.

"If you see it in 'John Bull,' it is so"

A Committee for the Condemned

FAILING a decision on the suspension of the death penalty, the Government next session will, time permitting, sponsor a measure by which the Home Secretary will be relieved of the dread responsibility of confirming or quashing death sentences.

We have consistently contended that the final decree of life or death should not burden the conscience of a single individual, layman or lawyer.

* * *

If the present proposal materialises, a Select Committee—not exclusively drawn from high legal circles—will be the final arbiter.

Home Secretaries past and present will doubtless welcome such an innovation, and it is assured of wide support from all Parties.

Airships doomed?

There is little expectation in official circles that the Government will countenance further spending on airships.

It is said that £200,000 was lost on building *R100* and no further work can proceed without Government help.

The Airship Guarantee Company, having no further contracts, has suspended operations as from September 30. The whole staff of the company are having their engagements terminated at the end of next month.

Is this the writing on the wall?

War on smugglers

Arising from the enquiry into the capture and subsequent confiscation of the German steamer *Annie* by the Estonian authorities, an impetus has been given to the establishment of seaplane patrols to prevent smuggling.

Seaplane moorings are to be laid down at several ports on the British coasts, including Invergordon, Stranraer, and Rosyth, which will be the premier establishment for the northern area.

The *Annie* tried in vain to escape from the flying-boat, and was only stopped by high-explosive bombs dropping so close that her destruction was threatened.

Food watchdogs

The growth of Britain's food supplies from overseas has assumed such colossal proportions that the Department of Scientific and Industrial Research has undertaken important measures to ensure their reaching the consumer in sound condition.

* * *

The largest refrigerating-station in the world is nearing completion at East Malling, Kent. Tests will be made to preserve meat, fruit, poultry, dairy produce and fish under the best and most economic conditions.

Figures for last year, by the way, show that over a million and a quarter tons of meat, valued at £110,000,000, was landed from abroad.

Awaiting the gong

The three railway unions are already donning the gloves for the big fight against wage-reduction proposals likely to be made by the companies when the "truce" expires in November.

Mr. John Bromley's locomotive men stand four-square against the cuts, and Mr. Cramp and his colleagues of the N.U.R., evidently believing attack the best form of defence, are framing applications for increases for lower-paid men.

John's men will fight

Mr. A. G. Walkden and the Railway Clerks favour similar tactics. They are formulating a programme embracing rises in a number of clerical and supervisory grades.

There is one very gratifying fact. The industry possesses admirable machinery for discussing and negotiating wage agreements in constitutional manner.

There is little likelihood of a stoppage unless every possible alternative breaks down

Air Police for Smugglers

Rail Men Ready for Wage-Cutters

Help for Hodge

The two chief trade unions catering for farm-workers—the Agricultural Workers' Union and the Transport and General Workers' Union—have now agreed upon a common policy for the extension of the unemployment insurance to the agricultural industry.

This will, of course, strengthen Miss Bondfield's hands considerably, and will pave the way for a measure on the Statute Book this winter.

The idea is to pay a smaller benefit than that prevailing in the town industries, and to require from the workers correspondingly smaller contributions.

Well, Hodge can do with it.

Golden orders

British shipyards are likely to receive orders for two 30,000-ton high-speed passenger liners for the Canadian Pacific in the near future.

Their advent will largely depend upon the success of the *Empress of Britain*, which was launched by the Prince of Wales early this year.

The Canadian public are asking for a twice-weekly trans-Atlantic mail and passenger service—and they will get it.

"Little Willie" again

More is likely to be heard of the ex-Crown Prince in the near future.

Before returning to Germany in 1923, "Little Willie" gave a pledge to refrain from political activities.

But in a private letter written a few days ago he says that the pledge was extracted by Herr Stresemann, who is now dead, and that he no longer considers it binding.

Of course, the real reason for his change of front is the sweeping victory of the extreme Right at the elections.

This should give the Republicans food for thought.

The Yard moves

The association of police officers with bookmakers has again been the subject of enquiry at Scotland Yard.

At least two officers, one a sergeant, have been called upon to resign, following accusations regarding their relationship with a bookmaker whose "pitch" came under their observation.

Two others have been suspended in connection with a recent West End raid, and charges may be formulated against them later.

It is clear that no efforts are being spared to keep the Force "clean."

It might be worse

The gloom merchants who prophesied the decay of our foreign trade will receive cold comfort from the latest Board of Trade returns.

In the first three months of this year we exported over £164,000,000 worth of goods. This total was only exceeded by the United States.

But we still export the most manufactured goods, and remain the world's best customer.

If this isn't prosperity, it's a long way from ruin.

That legacy

The trustees of the £2,000,000 so generously given to Great Britain by Mr. Edward Harkness, of New York, are being besieged by demands for grants for this, that and the other—particularly the other.

"Capable of weeding . . ."

Many are made on behalf of reputable movements, but many more come from cranks anxious to develop bone-headed notions, professional cadgers and rogues.

Mr. Baldwin and his fellow-trustees are quite capable of weeding out the wanglers, but we suggest that they announce at not too remote a date that the money will be devoted to some precise object.

Since Mr. Harkness gave it in recognition of Britain's effort in the war, why not devote it to those who are still suffering from its consequences? They have not to look far.

Money that sticks

The original features of the new paper money to be issued by the German Treasury during the next two months will not be confined to the engraved design.

An attempt will be made to render it non-inflammable by spraying it with metallic solutions, and also, to a degree, untearable and crease-resisting.

All very nice and enterprising; but we shall be more enthusiastic when one of our Continental neighbours produces a currency proofed against depreciation.

Are they all mad?

The latest published figures relating to lunacy and mental deficiency show an alarming increase.

The year's total of detained people branded as insane—or what the Board of Control terms insane—is 123,251, an increase of 1,558 on the previous year's figure.

How many of these unfortunate prisoners are justly labelled, we wonder?

When we remind readers of the countless individual cases of wrongful detention we have been able to prove, our doubts will be appreciated.

The delectable Duchy

We are interested and angry to note that the Wheal Kitty Mine has been closed down.

This St. Agnes (Cornwall) mine belongs to the Anglo-Oriental General Investment Trust—Lord Askwith, chairman.

And the closure is the result of agreement among those interested in the Malayan and other producing areas to restrict the output of tin.

Labour is cheap in Malay. And so a combine is able to throw Cornish tinners out of their job. Cornwall is full of tin, and work is there for thousands.

But soon there will not be one tinner left in the county.

Lord Askwith must know all this. What is he going to do about it?

"JOHN BULL'S" NET PAID SALES

THE DIRECTORS,
MESSRS. ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED,
LONG ACRE, W.C.2.

Dear Sirs,

We have examined the Company's Accounts and Records relating to the undermentioned issues of JOHN BULL and certify that the NET SALES (exclusive of all free copies), after deducting Returns received during the week of each issue, were as set out below:

	Copies.		Copies.
July 5	1,360,279	Aug. 16	1,367,473
„ 12	1,358,617	„ 23	1,362,246
„ 19	1,359,389	„ 30	1,368,041
„ 26	1,354,337	Sept. 6	1,371,261
Aug. 2	1,355,311	„ 13	1,377,142
„ 9	1,359,540	„ 20	1,381,377
Sept. 27	..		**1,385,375**

Yours faithfully,
(Sgd.) FRANKLIN, WILD & CO.,
Chartered Accountants.

Orient House, 42-45, New Broad Street,
London, E.C.2.
9th October, 1930.

"IF YOU SEE IT—" *Continued*

Michaelmas geese

The Michaelmas term at the Law Courts promises to be a lucrative one —for the lawyers.

There are 105 actions in the Court of Appeal compared with 83 last year, and 203 appeals to the King's Bench, an increase of 73. Actions in the King's Bench Division number 1,004, contrasted with last year's 696.

After all that has been said by His Majesty's judges regarding the folly and wasteful expenditure of litigation, it is ironic that there should be such an increase in the number of geese anxious to lay golden eggs for lawyers.

"Heaven helps those . . ."

The example of the building industry in the way of self-reliance and self-help might be emulated by others inoculated with a policy of drift and pessimism.

The builders and the allied professions and trades voluntarily formed a council to search ruthlessly for defects in organisation and methods, with the object of reducing costs.

The first report of this body is a plain-spoken document, packed with sound common-sense, and the sequel is likely to be that bold and vigorous use will be made of its advice.

That's the boy!

Mr. Malcolm MacDonald, M.P., Labour Member for Bassetlaw, is doing some useful work just now in helping to lighten the heavy burden of responsibility resting on his father, the Prime Minister.

His "inquisitors" like him

As Mr. MacDonald's personal secretary, he is entrusted with a variety of important duties, and at the moment is intimately linked with the Imperial Conference.

To this promising young man is mainly left the delicate task of interpreting the work and proceedings of the conference to the cosmopolitan conference of journalists which assembles daily at the Dominions Office.

He is doing this job extremely well—and his "inquisitors" have learned to like him.

Heartbreak houses

The National Union of Agricultural Workers has reported to the Minister of Health a case which proves conclusively the need for abolishing the bad old "tied cottage" system under which farm-labourers are tyrannised.

Three workers employed by a farmer who had paid them less than the legal minimum wage received an award of £55 when the case was taken to court.

A few days later one of the men was given notice to leave his cottage.

We are pleased to be able to record that the union is fighting for this man's right to retain his home, and has briefed counsel to appear on his behalf in court.

So this is Bolton!

They condemned his house, threatened eviction, and then refused him a municipal house because they did not consider him a suitable tenant.

So John Ashton, a wounded ex-soldier, tramped the streets of Bolton with seven motherless children.

Mrs. Burns, a big-hearted widow, of Bark Street, Bolton, herself with a large family, offered the derelicts refuge, but round came an official post-haste to threaten her with prosecution for overcrowding. Nevertheless, she sheltered them for two nights.

Ashton has now found a landlord who has overlooked his "crime" of bringing up his own children instead of putting them in a home, as advised by the Bolton Corporation, but Mrs. Burns wonders whether she will be prosecuted for *her* "crime."

Our Bolton watchdog is waiting.

Women to women

There will be more women than ever standing for election to local councils up and down the country this November. All parties will be represented, but the feminine interest will dominate.

In readiness for the L.C.C. elections in March, the National Union of Societies for Equal Citizenship has just held a meeting of non-party women's organisations to consider how more women candidates can be put forward.

Looks like brisk business all round.

Old age pushed—on

William Davies, of 40, Victor Road, Windsor, is an old man who is entitled to an old-age pension.

On this ground he was deprived of his unemployment allowance. Months ago he applied for his pension, and furnished all particulars at his command.

Since then he has heard nothing. The one set of authorities won't pay his "dole," and the other set won't pay his pension. Meanwhile he is lying ill with cardiac disease.

What has Mr. Greenwood to say about this mean, petty injustice to an old man?

Stout fella!

Eugene Cross, of 34, Eureka Place, Ebbw Vale, is a stout lad.

He planned an open-air swimming-bath in the Vale, cut the first sod with his own garden-spade, and got it nearly finished with voluntary labour at the expense of £250.

His volunteers are still technically unemployed, and they want a little money to finish the job. We hope they get it.

Nothing to say

Within a mile of Aberystwyth a young man died of diphtheria, and although three surviving members of his family lay dangerously ill, no one could be found to enter the house to help them.

Mr. James Hughes, sanitary inspector, reporting to Aberystwyth District Council, stated that the isolation hospital in the town refused to receive the stricken man when his infection was reported, although thereby a life could have been saved and the remaining three cases prevented.

Eventually two nurses were obtained from Cardiff.

The council received the inspector's report without passing any resolution. Has it nothing to say for itself?

Two capitalists

John T. Dorrance made £30,000,000 out of canned soup. He died, leaving all to his child John, and nothing to charity.

Messrs. Samuel Turner and Co., of Spotland, Rochdale, have had to close their mills, owing to trade depression.

And Robert Turner, one of the directors, has placed at the disposal of the company enough to give the work-people £3 apiece for each year of their service.

Since most have a long period of service, that means much. One family gets £300. In all it will cost Mr. Turner not less than £50,000.

At the market

The impression may have been gathered from a recent paragraph dealing with the sale of choice plums at 15s. for eighteen 12 lb. "chips," from which 7s. 11d. expenses were deducted, that the latter sum was absorbed by the Coventry Produce Market which handled the deal.

This, of course, was not the case. Actually, of the 7s. 11d. the market merely received its legitimate commission of 1s. 2d. (7½ per cent.).

£4-a-week peer

"Set aside his private means"

Although the Fabian Society, that nursery-ground of intellectual Socialists, loses one titled member by the tragic death of Lord Thomson, it is shortly to gain another.

Lord Ennismore's application for membership comes before the committee at its next meeting.

It is said that this peer set aside his private means some time ago and imposed upon himself the task of living on about £4 a week. His sincerity is generally accepted.

That Mundy feeling

Frederick Mundy and Co., of 147, Sloane Street, S.W., are "bookies" to avoid.

Many complaints have reached us as to their methods of business, and it is in the interest of "punters" to place their commissions elsewhere.

In a case for unpaid winnings brought against them recently, Judge Richardson, of Bishop Auckland County Court, said that the plaintiff had served a useful purpose by bringing the case to the notice of the public; but the law is such that judgment had to be given for the defendants.

We hope we, too, serve a useful purpose in warning readers not to do business with Frederick Mundy and Co.

Cheerier notes

There is better news for those musicians who were talked out of their jobs by canned music. Many of them will be getting their jobs back within the next few months.

One of the big kinema combines, Gaumont-British, has completed negotiations with the Musicians' Union for the provision of several orchestras, each consisting of from sixteen to twenty performers.

* * *

The Paramount combine is also engaging bands for kinemas on its circuit.

Exhibitors are finding, as we predicted they would, that, all other things being equal, the public plump for the kinema with an orchestra every time.

A deceiver "goes down"

Major Verity, alias Major Dupre alias Colonel Vincent, whom we recently exposed for despicable offences in making love to women and swindling them, has now been brought to book.

Charged in another name with obtaining money by false pretences, he was sentenced at the London Sessions the other day to twelve months' hard labour.

Carry on, Maggie!

Miss Bondfield continues in her strenuous efforts to keep unemployed boys and girls from the street-corners.

In many districts training-centres have been established for their welfare, but all local authorities have now been informed that where this special training cannot be provided, the young people should be admitted into existing educational institutions open in the day-time.

This is splendid work. It is vital that these young minds should be occupied rather than warped by loose associations and idleness. Carry on with the good work, Maggie.

Stirring times

Mr. E. S. Strong, of Tonge Moor, Bolton, is a man of courage. He also cook at a Bolton institution.

Anxious to improve in the kitchen art, he applied for enrolment in the evening cookery classes of the Bolton Education Committee, only to be informed that they were for women only.

Was Mr. Strong weak? Not he. He still wanted to join, his wife backed his plea, and the committee, satisfied with his zest for knowledge, gave way.

Now, along with twenty girls, he takes lessons regularly from a woman instructor.

This cook seems to us to be a brick of a boy! Congratulations, Mr. Strong.

Tapping for a rise

Girl typists in the Civil Service who are sent to fill positions away from their native towns claim that they have a grievance.

Whereas other classes of officials and clerks receive an addition of salary to compensate them for the extra cost involved in living away from home, the girls get nothing.

So they have decided to ask Mr. Snowden to grant a three-years advance of increments, in order that a girl of twenty, say, would get the salary appropriate to one of twenty-three.

ADAMSON— —*Floored*

MY CURE FOR Armed Bandits

by MAJ.-GEN. SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS, K.C.M.G., K.B.E.

On a lonely road trying to stop a car bandit . . . with nothing but bare hands" like this, presumably

THERE can be no doubt that the public mind is gravely exercised over the number of "crimes of violence" which have occurred in recent times, and which have not been brought home to the perpetrators.

Much destructive criticism has, in consequence, been directed against the police forces and the police system.

There is a tendency to suggest that the methods of the police do not march with the times -that police cars are not fast enough—that every policeman ought to be equipped with wireless receiving apparatus inside his helmet.

It is said that the Criminal Investigation Department of New Scotland Yard is lacking in brains, or that it is hampered by the recommendations (never yet adopted, by the way) of the Royal Commission.

I do not propose to deal in detail with these criticisms. I, myself, am of the opinion that Scotland Yard and the police forces of this country, as a whole, are just as efficient as ever they were, if not more so; but the trouble is that that section of the community which indulges in "crimes of violence" is utilising modern methods of transport.

I know it will be suggested at once that if that be so the police should do likewise. So they do, but with little real success, and I propose to give what are my reasons for that opinion.

"Sob-stuff" makes crime

IN the old days before the war country-house burglaries, unless clumsily perpetrated by a local inhabitant, were comparatively unknown, or, if they were committed, were rapidly detected.

The burglar was bound to hang round the vicinity for a while before he could do his job, in order to get a knowledge, not only how to get into the house, but how to get away with his spoil afterwards.

He was forced to use the methods of transport which were then available to him—that is to say, railway trains, horse-drawn vehicles, or even "shanks' mare," and in those days the telegraph was quicker than all.

The pre-war burglar was a man of little or no education, and frequently very illiterate; the Press had not made such a speciality of crime-reporting, and the adulation of the "master-crook."

I believe, and I think that view is shared by many police officers, that photographs of the criminal, of his relatives and even his domestic animals, descriptions of his sartorial appearance in the dock, his demeanour when sentence of death is passed, and the "sob-stuff" which is dished out about his little child plaintively bleating for "daddy to come home," is responsible very largely for crime in this country.

There are many men on the borderland of insanity who would do anything for notoriety.

The modern burglar possesses many advantages. First of all, he has at his disposal in London the Underground service, and any police officer will tell you that "shadowing" on the Underground is almost an impossibility.

On modern wings

BY Underground he can go swiftly to suburbia, a happy hunting-ground for a quick "job" when it is the maid's afternoon off, and the wife has gone out to give the baby an airing, or to do some shopping, and where every house is fitted with precisely the same type of doors, windows, locks and catches.

There are lines of coaches running out of London and all the large centres, attaining at times a speed between fifty and sixty miles an hour, which will rapidly take him to destinations many hundreds of miles away.

And last, but not least, as his most efficient ally, there is the high-powered car.

What are the remedies for this state of affairs? Obviously additional police protection and patrols, faster police cars and efficient inter-communication between the police forces.

But more police means more money, and economy is manifestly imperative. Yet if the police forces of this country were increased by 100 per cent. there would be no appreciable drop in "crimes of violence."

I do not think that the public, as a whole, sufficiently appreciate the impossibility, for example, of giving any form of protection whatever to the isolated country house.

I met recently a most efficient country constable. It was between twelve and one in the morning, and a filthy night.

He was by himself in a somewhat isolated country road—he was there because motor bandits were known to be working in the neighbourhood. He did not stop me because he knows the note of my motor-horn.

What, in the name of fortune, could he have done if a car-load of crooks had come up that road at fifty miles an hour? Nothing whatever. So what was the use of sending that gallant officer out on an adventure which would, most probably, result in his death?

Turn to the "fast car" theory so much exploited by the Press. What is the good of having a police car capable of doing a hundred miles an hour on roads that are not racing-tracks?

All our roads have a most dangerous camber, and to overtake another vehicle at high speed is a practical impossibility if the roads happen to be wet.

The exploits of the "Flying Squad" cars have been advertised extensively by the Press.

No one can but admire the courage of the drivers and officers of the Flying Squad, but it seems deplorable that they should have to risk their lives in order to arrest low-down sneak-thieves who do not hesitate to shoot, or to maim, in order to retain their liberty.

Take the case of the "smash and grab." Consider the size of the Metropolitan Police area, the number of shops therein and the number of Flying Squad cars on patrol at the moment.

My remedy

WHAT on earth is the use of a Flying Squad car in High Street, Kensington, when a gentleman has just heaved a brick through a jeweller's window in Oxford Street, bolted back into his car, and got away in the maelstrom of traffic in a matter of seconds, to be politely shepherded to safety by the next point policeman, who naturally regards him as part of the ordinary traffic of the day.

I fear that my criticism is indeed destructive, and it will now be necessary to indicate what are the remedies I propose.

Make crime not worth the game.

Let the punishment be so severe that it shall really act as a deterrent.

I know that I am up against modern ideas of prison reform—that you can persuade all criminals to follow paths of rectitude. I do not believe it.

I am enough of a Socialist to believe that crime will decrease as the conditions of life of the masses improve; but there are types of criminals who are not the product of such conditions, such as Jabez Balfour and Hatry.

There are also men of a violent nature to whom crimes of violence appeal as a joy and a pleasure.

I believe that the criminal who is a product of poverty may become a respectable citizen if life is made worth living for him; but I do not believe that the big-money manipulators and the gun-man are capable of any reform whatever.

They will cease their activities if the punishment they receive is such as to make the game not worth the candle.

A taste of hell

I SHOULD like to take a plebiscite of the rank and file of the police forces in this country as to how they would deal with the violent criminal. The overwhelming answer would be the gallows, the cat, and long sentences in prison where prison meant hell, and not concerts and dramatic recitals by our leading artistes.

How would you like to be by yourself on a lonely country road waiting to stop a "car bandit"? How would you like to have to arrest a man with nothing but your bare hands and a truncheon—a man you know to be armed and who would not hesitate to shoot?

These people are the enemies of society, and even if the police may be able to evolve a system for increasing the percentage of arrests, you have not cured the evil.

The punishment must fit the crime, and crime must be made "Not good enough."

CANDID COMMUNICATION

When Knights Were BOWLED

An Ugly Golden Idol—A Jerk for Churchill Junior

H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES,
St. James's Palace, London, S.W.

YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS,—I note that your coat-of-arms—His Majesty's, with a white label—has replaced your famous plume of feathers in the Court Circular issued from St. James' Palace.

But I know full well that you will keep the old motto which you have followed so nobly—"I serve."

JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. DAVID LLOYD GEORGE,
2, Addison Road, London, W.

DEAR L. G.,—The news that at the age of sixty-four you learnt to swim in two or three days does not surprise.

You have managed to keep afloat in the most difficult circumstances. And recent political history teaches us that you are never too old to learn new tricks.

JOHN BULL.

Sir FREDERICK MAURICE,
Vice-President, British Legion

DEAR SIR FREDERICK,—It is gratifying to know that the British Legion is tackling the housing problem on behalf of war sufferers.

In opening the Haig cottages at Bushey, which have been built and presented to the Legion by Mrs. Nimmo for occupation by ex-Service men and their families, you announced that the national memorial to Earl Haig, towards which £200,000 had already been collected, would be devoted to the further provision of such homes.

You could not find a better use for the money.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. LEONARD INSKIP,
99, Biddulph Street, Leicester

DEAR SIR,—It is a fine thing for you, a cripple from the age of two, to devote your life to the betterment of the lot of your fellow-sufferers. And I wish the very best of luck to your latest venture, *The Cripples' Journal*.

It is true that nothing like enough is done to help the cripple. And I trust that what you are doing will awaken the national conscience.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. RANDOLPH CHURCHILL,
New York, U.S.A.

DEAR RANDOLPH,—At the age of nineteen you are now on a lecture tour throughout the United States.

If you are correctly reported, you have started off by telling interviewers that His Majesty's Government is "the silliest, sloppiest crowd of sentimentalists that ever in all history sat on the Treasury Bench."

Even such admirers of infant prodigies as the Americans appreciate a little respect for age and experience, and if you go on like that they are likely to spank you and send you home again to father.

JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. LORD BEAVERBROOK,
29, Bury Street, London, S.W.

DEAR BEAVERBROOK,—That was a decisive rebuff you suffered from the Dominions representatives. The Empire Crusade may recover from the shock, but I am afraid it will leave its mark.

I had already warned you not to assume too confidently that the Dominions would be with you, but the most unkind cut of all must have been the fact that your own Canada declares your evangelistic vision to be a pipe-dream.

Canada, indeed, through Mr. Bennett, its Premier, asserts that Empire Free Trade is both impossible and undesirable.

Now that is plain, honest-to-goodness speaking. "Impossible and undesirable." If it were one or the other it might have left room for argument. But both! I fear you must look for a banner with another strange device.

And it is useless for your astute organ, the *Daily Express*, to persist in its attempts to hoodwink its readers into believing that the Dominions' demand for mutual Preference is just what you demand. It's not. It's as different as chalk from cheese.

Quite frankly, the precocious child of your fertile imagination is already an orphan.

JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. MONTAGU NORMAN,
Bank of England.

DEAR SIR,—Your hurried meeting at Basle with the great Continental bankers to investigate the alarming gold position perplexes me as much as it alarms me.

It alarms me because I don't understand it. I don't understand this money business at all.

And yet I know that the fluctuations of currency largely determine whether the common people of this country are to have a good or a bad time.

It seems to me monstrous that this fetish, this golden idol, this unknown god should govern our lives.

Talk of the mystery-mongering of the old religions! It was nothing to this.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. JOHN BUCHAN, M.P.,
St. Stephen's House, London, S.W.

DEAR JOHN,—Your statement that a leader must be a thoroughly healthy and vigorous man won't hold water. And your instance of Lord Curzon as a man whose "comparative failure" was due to the pain which dogged him is a trifle absurd.

What of the weakly, nervous Horatio Nelson? What of Pitt, always in agony, and often bedridden?

No, sir! The big, strong superman is a silly modern superstition. It is the *spirit* that counts.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. E. A. HAILWOOD,
Messrs. Hailwood & Ackroyd, Yorks

DEAR SIR,—I can understand that you were annoyed when the Home Office delayed for so long to renew the permit for Mr. Fritz Knofe, a German alien.

But to close your works for three days, and thereby deprive four hundred men of three days' pay as a protest, was more than drastic.

You lost by it; but you could afford it. These four hundred men couldn't.

JOHN BULL.

Detective-Inspector BUSHNELL,
West London Police Court

DEAR BUSHNELL,—That was very decent of you, buying food for three hungry men arrested as suspected persons, loitering with intent.

And equally fine of you was it to stand up for them in court, and say that you thought it was a genuine case of distress.

There is such a danger that the hard-up may be confused with the crook that your example is of tremendous social value.

JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. ARTHUR HENDERSON,
Foreign Secretary

DEAR HENDERSON,—I sincerely trust that you will take up the case of Christopher Jowett, an eighteen-year-old English schoolboy, dragged off the train on the Trans-Siberian Railway near the Chinese frontier, and made to endure the rigours of imprisonment in a Siberian winter.

The excuse was quite frivolous. The Soviet, while acknowledging that the thing was done, professes to be unaware of his whereabouts.

You mustn't let the thing rest there. The honour of England is at stake. Not another *I'm Alone* let down.

If honour does not call you, remember that the status of "Englishman" is a tangible asset.

JOHN BULL.

STRAIGHT *from the Shou*

MR. JACK JONES, M.P.: "I cannot a Justice of the Peace because I cr
Even if you didn't, a few days our amateur J.P.s would soon drive to it.

* * *

MRS. OLIVER STRACHEY: "The la of promotion for women stops shor about half-way up the men's ladd
Then they get off and get marrie

* * *

DEAN INGE: "Eugenists have no to introduce the methods of the farm into human life. They are fools or cranks."
The little blind god will see to t

Not from the B.B.C.—Mr. Evan Williams, President of the Mining Association, as

THE MIDGET MUSSOLINI

THAT I'm *Mister* Evan Williams
has long been a surprise
To friends of mine, who think that I've
been slighted
In each successive Honours List, when
Barts. were made from Guys,
And I was not so much as even
knighted!

Of what is called the Mining Ass. I long
have been the head
And front of the offending; never
failing
To be as blue among the blues as Comrade Cook was "red,"
And back my rhetoric against his
railing.

Oh! it has been a merry game, and one
I've played with zest!
And mean to play while in my job
I'm staying—
What time the mining problem sits
upon the country's chest,
And for our pranks the country keeps
on paying!

Between the reddest "Red" and the doughtiest Die-Hard many people think that there is little to choose. They even go so far as to assert that the Red whose jaw is always loose is less of a nuisance than the Blue whose neck is always stiff.

"Obstinate," "short-sighted," "provocative," and many other words have been used to describe my refusal, on behalf of the Mining Association, to appoint members to the National Industrial Board under the Coal Mines Act.

But similarly hard words have been hurled at me so often in the past that they have small effect.

No more effect, in fact, than the doubts sometimes expressed by members of my own association as to whether I might not be a paying stroke of business for the mineowners to give me a handsome pension for life, on condition that I never again appeared in public as an advocate of their cause.

The plain fact is that in 1926 the coalowners took the most determined stand that they should be henceforth no treatment of wages questions, even on the broadest lines, except by each district for itself.

So if we appoint members to this national board it would amount to a recognition of the Miners' Federation as a wage-negotiating body.

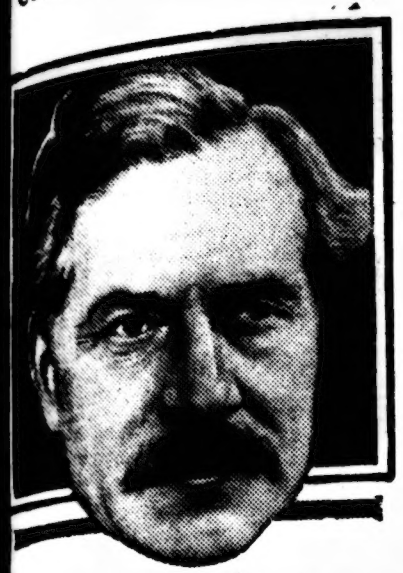
Such recognition we haughtily refuse to accord, though, admittedly, the federation will continue to exist whether we recognise it or pass it by in the street without so much as a nod.

Our attitude is that we are determined to manage (or mismanage) our own affairs. The mining industry is privately owned, and this fact is not altered by the small detail that it has been subsidised with public money.

Furthermore—just to show how sweetly reasonable I can be—I have stated that I and my association are quite willing to do all that is required of us under Part I. of the new Act.

We are not like the rabble, led
By agitators who
Defy the law. For all expect
Good citizens to show respect
For law, and so we do—
Always, of course, provided we
With it should happen to agree.

But if the wrath of Evan is
By Parliament incurred,
Then lo! the very reddest Red
Could not get hotter in the head!
We promptly give the bird
To any law we do not like—
And exercise the right to strike.



A chance to show, Mr. MacDonald, . . .

Fair Play for Ramsay!

by A. G. GARDINER

WHEN Parliament reassembles on Tuesday week, Mr. MacDonald will be confronted with the most critical choice of his career. By common agreement, his Government, owing to the unstable foundation on which it rests, cannot last long.

Whether it survives the introduction of another Budget or falls before that disagreeable task has to be undertaken depends on Mr. MacDonald's ideas of strategy.

If he decides to ride for a fall as the best way out of his Ministerial entanglements, the amendment of the Trade Disputes Act gives him the means of falling softly and with the chance of getting into the saddle again.

The House is extremely unlikely to restore the compulsory political levy of the unions, and if Mr. MacDonald insists on that demand he will be able to fog the scent on unemployment and consolidate his Party for an election campaign on a traditional trade-union issue.

It will be a great temptation; but in view of the Indian Conference it is a temptation that should be resisted.

Nothing could be more unfortunate than that that momentous conference should be sandbagged by a first-class political crisis at home.

We shall be able to judge of Mr. MacDonald's real stature as a statesman by the course he takes on this critical issue, in which Party advantage is in conflict with the gravest interests of the Empire.

That he should wish to divert attention from the unemployment tragedy is reasonable enough.

He survived the challenge at the Labour Conference at Llandudno with a substantial margin in his favour.

He routed Mr. Maxton and the I.L.P. faction, who assailed him for not having given them a new heaven and a new earth, by a six to one majority.

He mustn't dodge

But the vote on the Oswald Mosley memorandum on unemployment was much less favourable.

Mr. Lansbury, who was associated with Sir Oswald when that alternative programme was launched, dismissed it as "crying for the moon"; but the demand for its consideration was only defeated by 1,251,000 votes to 1,046,000.

And, apart from this weighty evidence of discontent with the Government, the speeches at the conference showed how formidable are the elements of rebellion in Mr. MacDonald's ranks.

It would be very convenient to him to dress up those ranks and set them marching to the polling-booths to another tune based on the refusal of Parliament to concede the demand of the trade unions for the restoration of the compulsory levy.

But I doubt whether the expedient would work. The unemployment question bulks far too big in the public mind to be blanketed by what is after all a trivial matter, and Mr. MacDonald would do better both for his Party and for the country by not attempting to dodge the big subject.

Nor do I think he has any substantial reason to dodge it.

It is true that, on the face of it, the record of his Government is deplorable. Since it came into office there has been an almost ceaseless increase in the ranks of the workless.

They number to-day nearly a million more than they did in the summer of last year, and everything points to the coming winter adding still further to the depressing total.

It is inevitable that the Government should be popularly held responsible for this deplorable fact. It is necessary to blame someone, and if it cannot be blamed, who can?

Whatever Government had been in office in this country during the past twelve months, even though it had been a Government of archangels, it would not have prevented us sharing in the general disaster.

The whole world, from China to Brazil, is in convulsion—in a fever of unrest and disruption—and we cannot escape the universal disorder.

Wield the knife!

There is also the question of the "dole." The burden of the breakdown of the insurance system and of its conversion into an enormous medium for subsidising industry and creating a vast new "rentier" class lies heavy upon the back of trade.

We are making unemployment a career for thousands who have found in it a new and comfortable way of life. The scandals it has bred are open and palpable, and call for the most drastic surgery.

But it cannot be said that Labour is more responsible for this desperate evil than any other Party. Indeed, if I remember rightly, it was Liberal intervention which was responsible for making it easy for those who did not seek work to get the "dole."

There is another consideration which must be borne in mind. Our unemployment figures exaggerate the gravity of our case. They are swollen by the inclusion of tens of thousands who before insurance would not have been numbered among the unemployed.

The alarming increase of women, for example, is in part not an evidence of increased unemployment. It only means that many women, who would not be at work in any case, have learned how to qualify for unemployment benefit.

. . . whether you are a big man or a small man

And there is this further fact which should mitigate our despair.

In spite of the huge total of unemployed, there are, as the figures just published show, three-quarters of a million more people in work and in receipt of wages than there were in 1924.

In fact, leaving the years of the war out of question, there are more wage-earners in this country to-day than there have ever been in our history.

I stress these facts because it is necessary that we should preserve a sense of proportion in this great matter. There is no ground for panic, or for throwing up our hands and crying "All is lost."

All is not by any means lost. The world is in a very bad way, and we are in a bad way with it.

But apart from the United States we are still the richest, the most prosperous and the best employed country in the world, and if we keep our heads we shall emerge from the present gloom as successfully as any of our competitors.

Combined tackle

In saying all this, I do not wish to minimise the gravity of the unemployment problem.

When all discounts are made, it is the most serious problem with which we have ever been faced. It is not a problem to be dodged, but a problem to be wrestled with by all Parties.

It will not be solved, as Mr. MacDonald said, by quack remedies or by manufacturing unproductive and wasteful work. Nor will it be solved by grandiose follies like import boards.

It will only be solved by a ruthless acceptance of the economic facts of industry.

Homely Wisdom—

by CANON R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

"See what he says"

Brighter and Better

PROBABLY there is no reader of JOHN BULL who is not interested in the wonderful tale that science unfolds to us year by year.

Scientists themselves are staggered sometimes at the immensity of the discoveries they are making and the future these portend for ourselves and our children.

See what Sir James Jeans says, for instance. The sky over our heads seems to be crowded with stars, every star a world; but as a matter of fact there is no crowding at all.

Six specks of dust in Waterloo Station would crowd that vast area more than the millions of worlds crowd the firmament.

Sir Oliver Lodge is telling us that life belongs to space and only incidentally to matter; there is no real waste of life, for life cannot be killed; separate it from its material envelope and it simply goes back to its source.

Life uses matter, but is not to be confounded with it. The purpose of our being here is that we may realise what we are and develop our nature to the highest point of which it is capable.

Are we doing it? Unfortunately, our moral progress is much slower than our material progress.

We are like children playing with lighted matches in a firework factory; we may blow ourselves up if we are not careful.

Mankind has had many setbacks, and it is by no means certain that the civilisation we are making to-day has any better chance of surviving than its predecessors.

Hatred, selfishness, cruelty and lust are the matches we may apply to the explosives with which we are surrounded and which science has revealed to us.

Instead of using our new-found powers for the increase of human happiness, we are tempted to turn them to our destruction.

Yet there are some signs that men are growing wiser and better.

Dean Inge says that if you want proof of this you have only to visit an ancient prison and examine the horrible instruments wherewith jailers used to torture their victims.

Men were as ingenious then in the invention of means of causing pain as they are now in the invention of means to prevent or cure it.

Even in Russia, where people are daily put to death for political offences, a great ideal is struggling to birth.

A competent American observer states that in Russia a genuine attempt is being made to grow a type of citizen who will seek the good of all before his own.

They are going the wrong way about it, but that it is there at all is a fine thing.

Let every reader of these words resolve that henceforth he will be of the company of those who use their brief hour of life in this glorious universe to contribute something towards making a brighter and better world for ourselves and those who are to come after us.

There is no lasting happiness in anything less, and the best and bravest of us can do little more.

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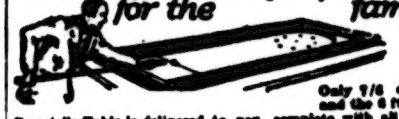
ensures winter night pleasure for the family



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Send at once for full particulars of this offer, explaining how you can get the "DENNIS" 5-Valve Super Suit-case Portable without any cash payment whatsoever, and collect Coupons afterwards, and also for list of other gifts. Write to L. & F. FABIAN (Dept. G.B.27), 74, New Bond Street, London, W.1.

Cut this out for reference.

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CHRONIC Backache, constant down-dragging, worn-out feeling, short, sharp rheumatic twinges, pains all over the body, sallow complexion, bad nights, bladder trouble—you cannot afford to neglect these, Nature's definite warnings. You are a victim of dangerous kidney trouble without knowing it.

We ask you to believe, not our assertions, but the statements of thousands—yes, thousands—of one-time sufferers who tell you they have quickly ended chronic suffering, sometimes lasting for years, simply by taking a course of De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills. For over 40 years this remedy has been tried and trusted, and every day comes more voluntary testimony to this simple, inexpensive remedy. In 24 hours from the first dose you can tell they are starting their health work. If you will only take these pills regularly, you will be able to tell of dangerous kidney trouble, chronic backache, agonising rheumatism ended, and splendid health restored.

De Witt's Pills are not a secret remedy. The prescription is printed clearly on the box. Ask your chemist his candid opinion. He will tell you how good they are.

De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills can be taken by children, by the oldest and feeblest, and by women at all times.

Do not let chronic backache, rheumatic or other pains rob you of happiness. Get your 3/- supply at once and start on the road to health and strength to-day.

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See that your face powder is so fine and light as to be almost invisible on the face. Yet it must really take away every trace of shine and greasiness. See that it does not contain any hard, gritty particles to enter the pores and enlarge them. There must be sufficient variety of really good shades, so that you can find one to match your complexion perfectly. Your face powder must not harm the skin, but actually protect and act as a tonic. Last, but most important, a powder that will stay on.

These requirements are completely fulfilled in Poudre Tokalon, the marvellous Mousse of Cream face powder, in which Mousse of Cream is blended by a patented process. It will stay on in spite of wind and rain, in spite of perspiration from dancing in hot ballrooms. It imparts a new and natural beauty. You will be astonished at the immediate improvement in your attractiveness. Try a box to-day. Successful results are guaranteed. 1/- a box. Large box (double 1/- size) 1/6. Compacts 1/3. Refills 9d.

COLOSSAL *Aviation* SCANDAL

"One of the greatest scoundrels at large," Walter Kirby, and a view of his proposed "Aero Club"

A MOST ambitious project is being launched by the Aero Club and Flying School, of Bishops Farm, Oakley Green, Windsor.

The club's headquarters at Windsor are to be the last word in luxury, consisting of a thirteenth-century mansion, with famous oak panellings and antique furniture valued at £30,000.

The club stands in sixty-two acres of splendid grounds, with stabling, garages, cottage and farmery, hot-houses, ornamental lakes, tennis-courts and lawns.

Such is the setting chosen by a syndicate—at present unnamed—for the establishment of a "First Class Social Club . . . and Aviation School, second to none in the Kingdom."

From the Royal burgh of Windsor its ramifications will extend to Birmingham, Manchester and Liverpool, while ultimately all the principal provincial cities and towns will be linked up by efficient air services.

Attractions, comforts

And, wherever it establishes an aerodrome, the syndicate intends to found a school of aviation with a view to furthering the conquest of the air.

It is also aimed "to give the airman, when not in the air, every attraction and comfort."

All the sports are to be catered for—tennis, cricket, football, polo, hockey, bowls, midget golf, badminton, archery and gliding.

There are to be cabaret dinners and suppers, dances and various theatrical entertainments.

This, at any rate, is the programme outlined.

Before the syndicate advertises for members and aviation pupils, however, it has to raise the money to complete its first aerodrome at Windsor and fulfil the preliminary arrangements for setting this national network of airways and flying schools into operation.

It is, therefore—"confidentially, so to speak"—looking for a few "potential supporters."

While the scheme is thus in its infancy, we hope that one or two remarks we feel called upon to make will prove of value to the public.

The most prominent sponsor of this huge scheme is a Walter Kirby, who, with a whisky decanter always at hand to play mine host to visitors at Bishops Farm, is carrying out most of the preliminary arrangements.

According to Kirby, the scheme is certain to prove a success.

To aid him in accomplishing the patriotic dream of providing the country with zonal air services, he has two exceptionally able men in financial and company-promoting circles.

Kirby's ideas may be excellent enough, but we advise everybody to shun this project so long as he is in any way responsible for its destinies.

Rogue from boyhood

For, not to mince words, we regard Kirby as one of the greatest and most polished scoundrels at large.

He is the scion of a famous family. His father once occupied the position of Sheriff of the City of London and was knighted for his services to the State.

But this son, who is now playing such a conspicuous part in the Aero Club venture, has been a rogue from boyhood days.

Scheme after scheme associated with his evil genius has met with disaster. Countless victims, ensnared through his eloquence, have been utterly ruined, though not one has ever suspected until the end that this suave and cultured man is not sincere.

Many years of his life have been spent behind prison bars, yet not a trace of his repeated incarcerations is outwardly discernible, for between sentences he has lived a life of luxury and ease.

When he was still in his teens he was arrested and charged at Edinburgh with obtaining money by false pretences. A member of a titled family, he was granted bail and absconded.

He was next heard of years later in Johannesburg as a central figure in one of the most amazing bank "hold-ups" enacted outside Hollywood.

Ten armed men on horseback raided a leading Johannesburg bank and decamped with valuable booty.

Kirby was not among the raiders, but he was later found to be the actual instigator of the hold-up and to have received the bulk of the proceeds.

A sentence of ten years' penal servitude was his reward.

After five years of back-breaking work in a penal settlement, he was pardoned and returned to England.

Almost immediately he associated with colonial confidence-tricksters, and within the space of two years was able to set up in business in Cheapside, London, as a general dealer.

Here he obtained goods of all kinds by fraud and then decamped. Being found later hiding in the Army, he was given fifteen months' hard labour.

So his career of crime proceeded.

In 1922 he stood in the dock at the Old Bailey in company with a woman he had dragged down, and who had aided him in obtaining money from solicitors through artistically clever stories regarding non-existent wills.

This gained him a further twenty months' sentence.

A powerful pair

Meanwhile he had dropped the name of Kirby and had masqueraded as "Lt.-Col. Hopkins," "Lt.-Col. Foster" and "Captain Austen."

Two years ago he went to prison again, this time for swindling, amongst others, a man who had come from Canada to raise capital for an oil-well venture in Alberta.

To this day, scores of other people on whom he has imposed with dishonoured cheques and by other means remain unpaid.

Already, at Windsor, in fact, doubt has been felt by traders who have been favoured with orders—on credit, of course!

This, then, is the benevolent gentleman who is so energetically sponsoring the Aero Club and Flying School scheme in the Royal burgh!

And what of his very able colleagues?

One is Mr. T. Sylvester, whose name will be familiar to our readers as having formed countless companies for running shammoth circuses, most of which have come to grief to the disillusionment of the artists and backers.

Apart from his interest in the Aero scheme, Sylvester is now busying himself with a bijou golf project, with offices in Harrington House, Shaftesbury Avenue, London.

A nice pair indeed to step in to give aviation the benefit of their combined experience!

SNIP *for the* BARBER'S WIFE

"I've won that £2,000"

SCENE: *A barber's shop in Avonmouth, near Bristol, one recent Friday evening. A young man enters.*

PROPRIETOR'S WIFE (*with suppressed excitement*): Your father was in yesterday. He told me you'd sent up a *Bullet* which was going to lift the £2,000 prize.

YOUNG MAN (*modestly*): Well, I certainly sent up a real good one and——

PROPRIETOR'S WIFE (*emphatically*): You won't get it this time.

YOUNG MAN (*muzzled*): Why not?

PROPRIETOR'S WIFE (*with tremendous satisfaction*): Because *I've* won that £2,000!

* * *

The incident above was recounted by the barber's wife herself, Mrs. E. S. Davis, when our representative called at her home at 13, Severn Road, Shirehampton, Bristol, enquiring for "Mr. Davis," the prize-winner.

She at once explained that the bald signature on her winning coupon, "E. S. Davis," was her own.

After accepting our apologies for crediting the success to a mere man, she had columns to say about her wonderful win and how it will smooth away all troubles for her husband and family.

"We've been struggling to buy this house," remarked Mrs. Davis, "but thanks to *Bullets* we shall have no more anxiety. And now my youngest daughter will be able to complete her course of studies at Bristol University."

"I read every word of *Bullets Bulletin* every week, and it's been a big help to me," was the tribute Mrs. Davis went on to pay to our free weekly help to the prize-list.

"It's like reading a letter from a friend," was the way she summed up the breezy, encouraging atmosphere of its bright pages.

And she added a warm appreciation of the gift which she secured for following the instructions in *Bullets Bulletin* and becoming a regular reader.

To the entrant who follows Mrs. Davis to the top of the prize-list in the record *Bullets* offer finally announced this week we shall shortly be awarding a Life Pension of £5 weekly or £2,500 cash.

Two other "Bulleteers" will also become JOHN BULL Pensioners in this astonishing contest, simply for writing a few well-chosen words on one of the coupons provided.

Make Friday, November 7, the big day in your life. Enable us to send you one of the winning telegrams on that momentous date by making an entry as instructed on page 39 not later than Saturday, October 25.

free

2 BLUEPRINTS

of the Challenge Battery 4 and the Challenge Mains 4 respectively, the latest sets designed by W. James—extremely efficient in operation. Large Blueprints explaining every detail of construction of these absolutely up-to-date, but simple sets, are given with this week's

AMATEUR WIRELESS

On Sale To-Day, 3d.
GET YOURS NOW!

ASTHMA

Sufferers from Asthma find instant relief in this standard remedy of 60 years standing.

4/6 a tin at all chemists.

HIMROD'S Asthma Cure

HOME COMFORTS

CARPETS, Rugs, Lino, Curtains, Tea and Dinner Services, Sheffield Cutlery, Table Cloths, Bedsteads, Bedding, Sheets and Blankets, Sewing Machines, Vacuum Cleaners, Kitchen Requisites, and all Home requirements. Catalogue Free. Dependable quality and Money-Saving Prices. Everything delivered Carriage Paid for small deposit & Easy Monthly Payments. 30 years reputation for honourable trading.

J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD

Ended in 3 days RHEUMATISM

The torture ceasing entirely after a couple of doses: that is the story of Madge Goodall, the famous high diver, who found her very lifeblood imperilled by Rheumatic-gout in both feet—until she tried Urace. She tells you and every sufferer that there is nothing like Urace Brand Tablets, for Urace positively dissolves away the uric acid crystals and poisonous accumulations which cause the tortures of Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, and Gout. Never mind if you have tried treatment after treatment in vain. Urace is confidently recommended to relieve your agonies and only costs 1/3, 3/- and 5/- from any chemist.

The 3/- size is the more economical, containing 3 times the quantity of the 1/3 size.

FREE Do not delay. Send 3d. for postage, etc., and we will send you free not only a sample of Urace Brand Tablets, but also a bottle of Urace Brand Rheumatic Liniment.

URACE BRAND TABLETS

Where external treatment is needed, use also Urace Brand Liniment. It kills pain without rubbing. 1/3 and 3/- the bottle.

Urace Laboratories, 26, Provost St., London, N.1

Its Handy Form—makes Gibbs Dentifrice more popular than any toothpaste or powder

Your teeth are Ivory Castles—defend them with

Gibbs Dentifrice is easy to use—handy to pack or carry—trim and tidy. Men, Women and Children alike are charmed with the neat little tablet in the natty aluminium case. Gibbs Dentifrice slips handily into suitcase or school-bag.

Gibbs — the British — Dentifrice cleans all the surfaces of the teeth—and all the nooks and crannies. All decay-causing deposits are dissolved and swept cleanly away. Polishing is gentle. Teeth glow with a lovely natural pearly lustre.

Keep your teeth safe and sound. Buy a case of Gibbs Dentifrice to-day and use it regularly twice and, if possible, three times a day.

Gibbs Dentifrice

BRITISH MADE

Popular size 7½d.; Large size 1/-; De Luxe 1/6; Refills 11d.

For those who prefer a paste, Gibbs Dental Cream—in Tube. 6d. and 1/- (*These prices do not apply in the Irish Free State.*)

D & W. GIBBS Ltd. LONDON, E.1.

G.D. 455

Care for your Skin and Complexion

The daily use of Cuticura has become the approved recipe for natural skin and complexion beauty. There is nothing better than daily use of the Soap, assisted by the Ointment, to keep the skin fresh and clear, the hands soft and smooth and the hair healthy.

Soap 1s. Ointment 1s. 3d. and 2s. 6d. Talcum 1s. 3d. Sold everywhere.

For sample each address: F. Newbery & Sons, Ltd. 31, Banner Street, London, E.C.1.

Cuticura Shaving Stick 1s. 3d.

FREE *Test your skill—£212 in Prizes. Turn to the Diploma Advt. on page 27.*

"The Greatest of These—" Fund

JOHN BULL *Babies*

"Will you buy a flower?"

As a ... published ... summer, ... ous ... tions were ... ceived ... marked for ... particulars ... and the ... ling ... letter ... pleasure to ... who helped ... "I am ... to thank ... for the ... you so ... and my ... parcel of ... clothes.

"I can say that we ... to thank your fund for, for it has ... that my wife could get ... maintain her strength before ... ment, and after, when ... to the rescue again to help ... well. Really, I cannot find ... express my thanks to you.

"I am pleased to say my ... making good progress, and the ... well, he is a fine little chap, above ... average weight at birth, and he ... beautiful progress.

"I thought yesterday when the doc ... came and said, 'You *have* got a J ... Bull baby here,' that it was ... funny, because without John Bull ... might have been a little weak thing.

Now, what will our readers do ... baby Grace, whose portrait we ... She is twelve months old ... of six children belonging to a disa ... ex-Service man, whose pension of 1 ... week is all they have to live on.

He has a conscientious, cheerful, ha ... working wife, who pleads for help to ... a little start in flower-selling.

All subscriptions sent to the H ... Secretary, "The Greatest of These ... Fund, will go to enrich her basket ... flowers and her larder. Donations ... earmarked relieve other needy famil...

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Anon. (Horsham), 2s. 6d.; Anon. (K... crankie), 4s. 10d.; Anon. (Haslingden) ... Kitty and Cyril, 1s.; Mrs. Johnson (Do... 1s. 6d.; Chilblains, 2s. 6d.; "2," 1s. 9½d. A... (Larkhill Camp), 10s.; E. R. D. (Wa... Cross), 1s. 6d.; Charlie (Ross-shire), 2s. ... E. A. M., 2s. 6d.; Roslin, 2s. 6d.; Anon. ... row-in-Furness), 2s. 6d.; P. E. P., 8s. ... Harris (Stanton Drew), £1 1s.; Anon., £3 ... A. O. (Glasgow), 1s.; E. K. (Bradford) ... Mrs. S. G. Priest (Romford), £1; Mr. H... (Halton), 5s.; Jumping Joshua (Enfield) ... In Memory, 2s.; A Mother in Isle of W... 2s. 6d.; Anon. (Larkhill Camp), 12s. 6d. ... Bammage (Hornsey), 6d.; Anon. (Burnley ... Nelson), 6d.; Two Ninths of a Fund, 9d. ... Brighton Mother, 1s.; Anon. (Northwich) ... Div. Supt. T. W. Davies (Blaenau Festinio ... 1s.; M. S., 1s.; Nil Desperandum, 1s.; A... (Radcliffe Hall), 2s. 6d.; Taylor (Moldgre... 6d.; B. E. L. (Seedley), 1s.; Mammy ... Memory of Jimmy Boy), 1s.; Thankful (Bu... 2s.; Anon. (Bristol), 10s.; H. C. (Liverpo... 10s.; A Happy Mother (Staines), £1; D... Sea, £1; R. C. H. (Brentwood), 2s. 6d.; ... 2s. 6d.; G. G., 2s.; Anon. (Dundee) ... G. E. S. (Forest Gate), 2s.; Thomas (Er... (Erdington), 2s. 6d.; Kingsclere, 2s. ... G. M. K. (Uxbridge), 3s.; Mr. G. A. N... (Blackburn), 10s.; Mrs. Freeman (Waddo... £5; Mrs. Mossop (Ventnor), £1; Mr. ... Curley (Moston), £2; P. McLachlan (Gla... gow), 6d.; F. Burgess (Newton Abbot), 6d. ... Cope (Bromley), 6d.; A. W. (Doncaster), ... A Working Woman (Paddington), 6d.; B... 4½d.; A Ninth (Coventry), 9d.; A Well-Wi... (Derby), 1s.; Mr. A. Lomax (Blackpo... 2s. 3d.; K. P. T. (Hull), 2s. 6d.; S. J. Wa... 5s.; A Miner (Barnsley), 5s.; J. K. (Bexhe... sey), 10s.; Anon. (Penzance), £1; G. Par... 6d.; R. A. Hone (Chipping Sodbury), 5... Ninth, 3d.; Miner's Wife (Cinderford), ... "?" 2s. 5d.; Kitty and Cyril, 2s. Cash ... (Sale of Trinklets), 2s. 6d.; A. D. Ware (... Anon. (Sheffield), 6d.; Mother of ... (Netherton), 1s.; Unhappy, 6d.; Mrs. John... (Dollar), 1s.; L. A. Gibson (Gateshead ... Tyne), 1s.; Ronald, 1s.; T. Spencer, 2s.; K... (Bristol), 2s. 6d.; Grateful Heart (Dur... 3s. 6d.; A Friend (Sale of Ring), 5s.; ... Brown (Dormansland), 2s. 6d.; Cra... Smeathers (Desborough), 2s. 6d.; ... Heart (Dundee), 3s.; Anonymous, 5s. ... Working Man's Family, 10s.; S. J. S... H. Eden (Walthamstow), 6d.; M. H. Wh... 1s.; Anon. (Hailsham), 1s.; A Sand-D... 2s.; Luckless, 6d.; L. A. C., 1s. 6d. ... In Loving Memory of Emily (Pinsonby Par... 6s. 3d.

Parcels of clothing are gratefully acknowledged from: J. Porteous (Helperby); ... Friend" (Northfleet); Mrs. J. Bak... (Preston); Mrs. Jack Parker (Westcliff-... Sea); "A Poor Mother" (Glos.); Baby P... Chandlersford (Southampton); A. Wa... (Southport); Anon.; A. E. Andrews (Fa... borough); Mrs. Sarkins (Harrow).

(Many acknowledgments unavoidably held over.)

AN IMPUDENT FUR RAMP

Dummy premises in a Colchester arcade which have been rented but not paid for by Somers-Yeates

Capt. J. A. Unett, Chief Constable of Essex, must peer into this strange shop window

JUDGMENT for £22 was given in Brentwood County Court a few days ago against an individual named Percy Somers-Yeates.

The case, which lasted only a few minutes, appeared from the facts presented to be a comparatively trivial one.

Judge Chetwynd Leech, who heard it, was not aware that the few details mentioned represented the germ of a widespread imposition on the public, and a cunning scheme on which Somers-Yeates has embarked to enrich himself.

Some time ago JOHN BULL observed with suspicion the frequency with which advertisements relating to the Childerditch Fruit and Fur Farm, near Brentwood, were appearing in newspapers throughout the country.

Enquiries made then revealed that Somers-Yeates was the tenant of this establishment. He has described himself as the best-dressed man in four counties, and posed as a person of wealth and noble birth.

His best suit is plausibility.

Breeding for wealth

Great numbers of people, from backyarders to members of the aristocracy, got in touch with him regarding his widely-advertised proposals.

These were that he should sell them rabbits at fancy prices, and buy back the progeny of the animals for their fur and flesh.

No less a price than 10s. 6d. was offered for each skin, and potential breeders were told that the carcases commonly realised 2s. 6d. or 3s. each.

Apart from the money to be made for himself, Somers-Yeates' interest in rabbit-breeding can be judged from the fact that the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals had to deal with him for neglecting the show stock he kept at Childerditch.

Soon he changed the name of his enterprise to the Fur Breeders' Marketing Association, and moved to Danbury, near Chelmsford.

He described himself on the notepaper as possessing the degree of P.P.C. (Lond.), and described the association as the largest co-operative breeders' organisation in existence.

His degree is one of those bogus things sold at a guinea a time by the notorious London quack, Dr. Henri Leon. No one in the fur trade had ever heard of his colossal organisation.

Off again

Rabbits multiply, and the grounds and buildings at Danbury quickly became stocked with great accumulations of bunny-skins forwarded from all parts of the country by optimistic breeders.

Somers-Yeates decided to flit again. The reason soon became obvious to his neighbours after his departure.

Angry people were constantly calling, demanding why they had not been paid for skins or live rabbits supplied, and why their letters had been ignored.

What the fate was of the immense number of rabbits sent to him we do not know. But he told different people that he sold the pelts in the fur markets and the flesh in the meat markets.

When it became necessary to quit Danbury, Somers-Yeates moved to Stanway, Colchester, where he took the lease of a fine lodge and its grounds.

His first action was to seek a partner willing to invest. He advertised for a man accustomed to outdoor life possessing capital, and found a victim in a farmer.

He induced this man to part with his money by informing him that £50 weekly could be made from the sale of skins and carcases supplied by 1,400 registered rabbit-breeders, and mentioned that his arrangements were so complete that loads of rabbits would arrive by almost every train reaching Colchester.

The farmer was also promised a house, and informed that Somers-Yeates maintained a domestic staff at Stanway.

After parting with his money, the man's first experience was a disconcerting one.

It was to find that there was no staff, that he would have to occupy rooms in the lodge, and that he and his wife would have to act merely as gardener and housekeeper.

As soon as he arrived at the place, the farmer had to pay a bill of £7 7s. for removal costs. He offered a £10 note, which the contractor could not change.

Somers-Yeates took the banknote and gave a cheque in exchange. It was dishonoured on presentation.

It soon became apparent that the business was a hollow sham.

Somers-Yeates was seldom at the place, and the ex-farmer was occupied dealing with creditors, people who wanted money for their rabbits, summons-servers, and bailiffs put in for non-payment of rent.

We would advise the R.S.P.C.A. again to give attention to Somers-Yeates.

Hungry rabbits

He goes to Stanway only once a week for a few minutes to collect the letters which his advertisements produce, and there is no food there for his dummy array of rabbits.

Tradesmen have cut off the supply of oats for them, and they have been kept alive by greenstuff and roots from pastures in the neighbourhood.

He never gives the animals a moment of personal attention.

Somers-Yeates next advertised for a woman partner. He persuaded one young woman to sign an agreement investing £500, and took £200 as a deposit from her.

Books were shown to her purporting to disclose a profit of nearly £2,000 yearly.

When she discovered that there was no genuine business and demanded the return of her money, Somers-Yeates gave her a cheque.

He stopped payment of it immediately she left, and it has not been met.

This young woman was taken by Somers-Yeates to Lowestoft, where, he said, he was negotiating a big deal with a woman client. While the "negotiations" were on, she was left in the street.

Marriage

A few weeks later Somers-Yeates, we find was married by licence on a Sunday at a register-office in Colchester to a Lowestoft woman. He is described on the certificate as a bachelor.

This is interesting.

There is before us a letter written by him shortly before the marriage in which he refers to "my wife."

A month previous to the marriage he also, in tears, told a Colchester solicitor and a creditor that he could not meet his liabilities because his wife's ill-health had cost him hundreds of pounds.

Somers-Yeates led his investors to believe that he had a big financial interest in an ancient and well-known Essex hotel.

Enquiries made there reveal that he was only a bar customer, and posed as a friend of a mythical heir to an earldom.

One day he took away a cigarette-case belonging to the landlord's daughter to have it repaired, and neither he nor it have been seen since.

Another dupe

Using the name of the British Fur and Skin Company, Somers-Yeates took premises in a new shopping arcade in Colchester, the rent of which has not been paid.

He installed there a man who parted with £400, and who has also been stranded. Even a cheque given to him for wages was dishonoured.

A large sum of money was also obtained from another man, who was put into a room in North Hill, Colchester, which Somers-Yeates hired from the local tax-collector.

Since the investor found he had been deceived and left, the room has been kept locked. It contains a desk and a few chairs, and there is a table at the window covered with a rabbit-skin to impress those who call.

We've met before

Four years ago JOHN BULL had to warn the public against Somers-Yeates.

He was then conducting a suspect charity in Kensington, called the Poor Children's Welcome Club, and seeking investments for a strange concern named the Somerville Catering Company and Children's Country Holiday Camps.

The Chief Constables of the eastern counties should be interested in this exposure of his new activities.

The Man who Hoped

MR. C. P. BROWN, of Barnsley, had hoped that some day he might win a few pounds, but he was the most startled man in town when he read JOHN BULL'S message that a prize of £600 was coming along to him.

Mr. Brown's was the only all-correct coupon in our Crossword Competition No. 82.

For the last few of his thirty-five years, he tells us, he has entered nearly a hundred competitions, and during that time he has had to stand up to the friendly chaff of his colleagues.

"But now ——," he says significantly —and leaves it at that!

It's grand to be able to say "But now ——." Learn how to do it on page 36.

GOOD BOOTS & SHOES

THE Graves Footwear Department offers you soundest quality and utmost possible value for money. All sizes of Boots and Shoes for all occasions. We thoroughly understand the wants of all classes of wearers, and know how to combine durability with good appearance and comfort. World's lowest prices. Easy monthly payments. Catalogue and Measure Form free. 30 years reputation for honourable trading.

J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD

NEW HAIR
Grown on
BALD HEADS
By Using KOTALKO

When baldness threatens, hundreds of fellow-workmen of Mr. James Bindley in Nuneaton remember what Kotalko did for him.

"I had no hair on my head at all," he states, "not a single hair. At the hospital they said I should never have another hair as long as I lived."

"Seeing how many had got new hair by using Kotalko, I bought a box, also Kotalko Soap, and used them for a few minutes every day. The new hair soon began to grow, and no one seeing the complete new growth in natural colour would credit that I had been bald. My hairdresser and many others can confirm all I say."

TEST-BOX COUPON.

If you have dandruff, or are losing hair, or if you are nearly or actually bald, use or copy the Coupon below.

To JOHN HART BRITTAIN, Ltd., 2, Percy Street (53.R.R.), London, W.1.

Please send me post paid Testing Box of KOTALKO, with directions, for which I enclose threepence in stamps

Name .....

Address .....

.....

TRUTH ABOUT WIRELESS

Simple facts are often harder to believe than Fairy Tales, and some people can never believe an article is good unless they pay two or three times as much as is necessary.

THE GRAVES 'VULCAN' SET is the ideal installation for the man who wants perfectly satisfactory results for the most moderate outlay. It is made under Marconi License and embodies all the improvements possible in a popular-priced Set. It gives you the National Programmes in perfection and a wide choice of distant stations. Everything about the Set is reliable and first class; there are no complications. Even if you are only a beginner you can start right away to enjoy the wonders of wireless with as much certainty of success as if you had studied it for years. Cabinet Loud Speaker, Aerial Fittings & everything necessary is included. No extras. Full instructions with each Set.

A HANDSOME PRODUCTION. Full size Cabinet (as illustrated) of polished Oak, with hinged lid; all parts (including valves) accessible. Dull Emitter Detector and Power Valves, anti-microphonic Valve holders. No coils to change. H.T. Battery; 2-volt Accumulator; complete Aerial Outfit. Cabinet LID IS NOT TAKEN (as illustrated) in Oak to match set. Unit of the 'four pole' balanced armature type with large magnet.

10/- NOW

Price complete and Carriage Paid £7.10.0

Terms: 10/- with Order, 10/- Monthly

One Owner writes about the 'Vulcan' Set: "We feel we ought to tell you what a wonderful set your wireless really is. Ours is only a 2-valve set but we get more out of it than many people we know with 4 and 5-valve sets"

Another delighted Owner writes: "As I have now had in use for 12 months one of your 'Vulcan' 2 Valve sets, I thought it nothing but my duty to write and say how pleased I am with same. It is the finest 2-valve on the market. Nothing but low tension batteries has been renewed."

Test it in your own Home. Fullest Approval.

Write for Illustrated Catalogue. Full particulars and specifications of this and other high class Receiving Sets; including Portable and All Mains Sets. Post Free.

We have 30 years character for honest dealing.

ANOTHER WIRELESS BARGAIN.

The famous Screened Grid 3-Valve Set (not illustrated here) with handsome Oak Cabinet and Cabinet Loud Speaker. Everything of highest quality and all complete and ready to fix. Price £12.10

15/- with Order, 15/- Monthly.

This is a Set of remarkable capacity, very selective and far reaching, and wonderful value for money. Our sales of this Set runs into many thousands per annum; sold solely on merit and without costly advertising push. Ask for descriptive Catalogue free giving full illustrations of Set and Loud Speaker with all information. Costs you nothing to get all particulars of this highly efficient set which offers you finer results, better quality and substantial saving in cost.

J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD

GREASE DEFEATED
by New Method of Washing-up!

Grease is the worst part of washing-up. The old, out-of-date method of using soda means fatty pools on the water—greasy scum that clouds over the plates and silver—and that horror, the greasy dish-cloth.

But Carbosil puts an end to all this unpleasantness. Carbosil *dissolves* grease — the thickest, most stubborn grease. You can't even feel it in the water or on your hands.

Simply plunge the things into hot water that contains Carbosil, and washing and wiping becomes absolutely grease-free!

Think how that saves your work. How it saves your hands, too. Next time, wash-up with Carbosil—see what a lustrous polish it gives to the plates and dishes! Carbosil costs no more than a halfpenny per week, for a twopenny packet will last a whole month in a household of average size. Use only a teaspoonful at a time in a bowl of hot water.

CARBOSIL

dissolves grease

Use Carbosil also for washing greasy cloths

JOSEPH CROSFIELD & SONS LTD., WARRINGTON

CAR 60-143

"HOW I KEEP YOUNG AT 68"
AMAZING NEW BEAUTY DISCOVERY

"At 40, my face was much lined. I am now nearly 68 and all with whom I come in contact remark upon my very wonderful skin and youthful-looking complexion. My chin is smooth and firm, the ugly lines round my mouth have disappeared and began to do so after a few weeks' application of Creme Tokalon Skinfood: I use Tokalon Rose Skinfood at night and White Skinfood in the morning regularly, and it is very gratifying to find this keeps my skin in perfect condition. All my friends assure me that I have the complexion of a girl and it is the envy of many of my young friends. I explain that I owe it entirely to the use of Creme Tokalon Skinfoods." Writes Miss H. S. Larking, of 55, Greys Road, Eastbourne.

SPECIAL NOTE.—Contrary to general opinion, it is not age, but undernourishment of the skin that actually causes wrinkles, faded complexions, shrunken cheeks, and makes a woman look old. Creme Tokalon is guaranteed under a forfeit of £1,000 to contain the highly nourishing food ingredients which are easily absorbed by the skin and which make it the most valuable skinfood known. Women of 50 can now look 30 and obtain complexions glowing with youth and beauty. White 1/- and 1/6. Rose 1/3 and 2/-.

Free Trial. De-luxe sample outfit of Poudre Tokalon in popular shades and Creme Tokalon Skinfoods for both day and night use sent on receipt of 3d. in stamps (to cover postage and packing, etc.). Tokalon, Ltd. (Dept. 570H), 212-214, Great Portland Street, London, W.1.

PILES

Your agony can be quickly ended by the wonderful ointment Man Zan. Easy to apply. Gives instant relief. Soothes, cools and quickly puts an end to the worst cases. Persevere—Man Zan will end your trouble for good. In tubes, 3/-, with special applicator, from all chemists, or direct (in plain wrapper) from manufacturers on receipt of P.O. Free sample sent on application to E. C. De Witt & Co., Ltd. (Dept. A.7), Croydon.

MAN ZAN

FOX'S GLACIER MINTS

It is their unique refreshing flavour that makes Fox's Glacier Mints so much in demand by young and old—by smokers and those who don't smoke.

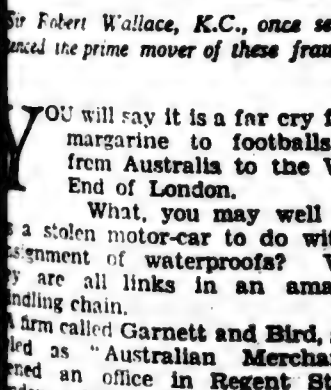
They are so different from ordinary clear mints and they do aid digestion.

Treat yourself to some to-day.

Sold by Confectioners everywhere.

Chief Constable Ashley, of Scotland Yard, has rounded up many similar rogues

A Mean Sports Swindle



Sir Robert Wallace, K.C., once sentenced the prime mover of these frauds

YOU will say it is a far cry from margarine to footballs or from Australia to the West End of London.

What, you may well ask, s a stolen motor-car to do with a ssignment of waterproofs? Well, y are all links in an amazing ndling chain.

A firm called Garnett and Bird, self-led as "Australian Merchants," ened an office in Regent Street, ndon, a little while ago, and pro-ded to build up a trading connec-n with manufacturers throughout e metropolis and in the principal rincial cities.

From a Manchester concern it ob-ned a large consignment of footballs credit terms, punctually acknow-ging receipt of the account which s ultimately rendered, but omitting forward payment.

From another firm Messrs. Garnett d Bird obtained a considerable antity of sports-coats and water-oofs, and exhibited a most business-e air u ntil the time came for settle-ent.

Many creditors

Eventually the firm was forced to ke the matter to the Middlesex unty Court, but although judgment s obtained weeks ago, it is still thout its money.

We mention these two instances erely as examples. There are merous other creditors in various rts of the country.

What we should like to stress now is that while Garnett and Bird have been busily defrauding traders in this fashion, two other concerns have been jointly run in the same way, and by the same people—obtaining sports accessories of all kinds.

As bailiffs have taken possession of the Regent Street office because the rent was unpaid, and as another office which these concerns boasted in Mortimer Street, Tottenham Court Road, has been closed down, the unfortunate creditors are left rather in the air.

Indeed, the most definite information they have been able to glean is that a certain "Mr. Smith" was mostly in evidence when these London headquarters were so busy.

Just a pawn

Such a situation, you will agree, is most unsatisfactory, but we are pleased to say that investigations we have just completed enable us to throw a great deal of light on the whole sorry affair.

We can say with confidence that these triple company frauds are the work of one individual—not the mysterious Mr. Smith, who is only a pawn, but a certain George Beeson.

When he floated the Garnett and Bird concern in the early part of this year, he had only just emerged from jail after a sentence of twenty-one months' hard labour for other long-firm frauds.

As in the more recent coups we have commented upon above, Beeson's operations were even then noteworthy for the diversity of the goods handled.

Wines, sweetmeats, cutlery, furniture, linen and clothing were freely obtained by him with no intention of paying for them.

In court he was denounced as one of the most cunning and polished tricksters of his day, and his conduct was all the more despicable because he endeavoured to put all the blame on one of his employees.

We mention this because it is perfectly clear that he has similarly been sheltering behind his underlings in his latest exploits.

For instance, when creditors first appeared at the Mortimer Street office, Beeson received them most apologetically, and assured them that Mr. Smith was solely responsible and that the complaints would be placed before him "immediately he returned."

Smith, as we have already remarked, was simply a pawn.

A short time ago Beeson fell into the hands of the police on a charge of stealing and receiving a motor-car and its contents.

The car was found outside the Mortimer Street offices, and a search of the premises led to the discovery of several of the articles that had been in it.

Beeson protested in court that he knew nothing about it, but that Mr. Smith might be able to explain. As Smith was not present, the charge had to be dropped.

Imposing addresses

Nevertheless, at about this time, Beeson was proved to be the true proprietor of the business, and was charged at Bow Street and fined £25 for endeavouring to evade the company law affecting business names.

The closing of the two offices in question by no means indicates that Beeson is resting on his laurels, though he is known to have enriched himself considerably.

He has lately been conducting his business from another high-sounding address in Conduit Street, London, W., ordering goods on expensive notepaper, and requesting delivery "to our shippers" in Beak Street, Piccadilly.

This is uncannily clever, for the Conduit Street premises consist of an accommodation address, where letters are simply received on his behalf, while the Beak Street address is one where goods are received for numerous other merchants besides Beeson.

Our regret

It should not be a difficult matter to prove that this man is disposing of all the goods he obtains almost as soon as he collects them, and that he pockets the money with no intention of reimbursing the manufacturers.

Although we are truly sorry for the victims, we cannot help feeling that they should have been more cautious in granting credit.

Perhaps, after the appearance of this article, Beeson will not find his game so easy.

The Whirlwind CROOK

and his Cheque-book Exploits

HASTE has never been an attribute of confidence-swindlers; they usually set the stage for their coups with leisurely care and spend days or weeks in preparing the necessary atmosphere.

But a man named J. Lloyd has had the wit to make haste an asset in averting rather than arousing suspicion.

Building castles

He is always in a hurry. He sweeps into the best hotels like a whirlwind, openly advertises the fact that he has no heavy luggage, and makes it known that he will probably depart on the following morning.

He recently arrived in Leeds and registered at an hotel as "Mr. G. Mason."

To the management he confided that he had come to Leeds on a business visit, having heard that certain land was being offered for sale at a price which promised a profitable speculation.

• • •

He spent little time at the hotel. He rose early, hurried through his meals, and devoted his days to dashing about the city in his motor-car.

He was supposed by the hotel authorities to be busily negotiating for the purchase of the land in question, and nothing was suspected when he left the premises one morning after running up to his room for a bundle of "important documents required by him to complete the deal."

Always moving

That was the last seen of him. The bundle that was supposed to contain documents actually consisted of his personal effects.

He left his bill unpaid, and several complaints came in from local people who had "temporarily obliged" him by cashing cheques which had been returned "R D."

Finally, it was discovered that the car in which he had driven about so impressively was one he had hired locally, rewarding the garage proprietor with a worthless cheque.

Lloyd, or Mason, or Newman, or Anderson, or Holland—he has passed by all these names and a host of others—is still hurrying.

He has hurried through Yarmouth, through Ealing, through Portsmouth, Gravesend and Liverpool.

• • •

If any reader can furnish information which will help to check his headlong career we shall be duly grateful.

His future "building" operations ought to be carried out under official eyes.

Beware of the Long-Distance Share-Pushing Pests

A NUMBER of queries have lately arisen regarding a publication known as *Finance*, so a few remarks from us will probably enable readers to settle their doubts once and for all.

Finance is the property of the Broad Street Press, Ltd., its editor being a certain Norman D. Spencer.

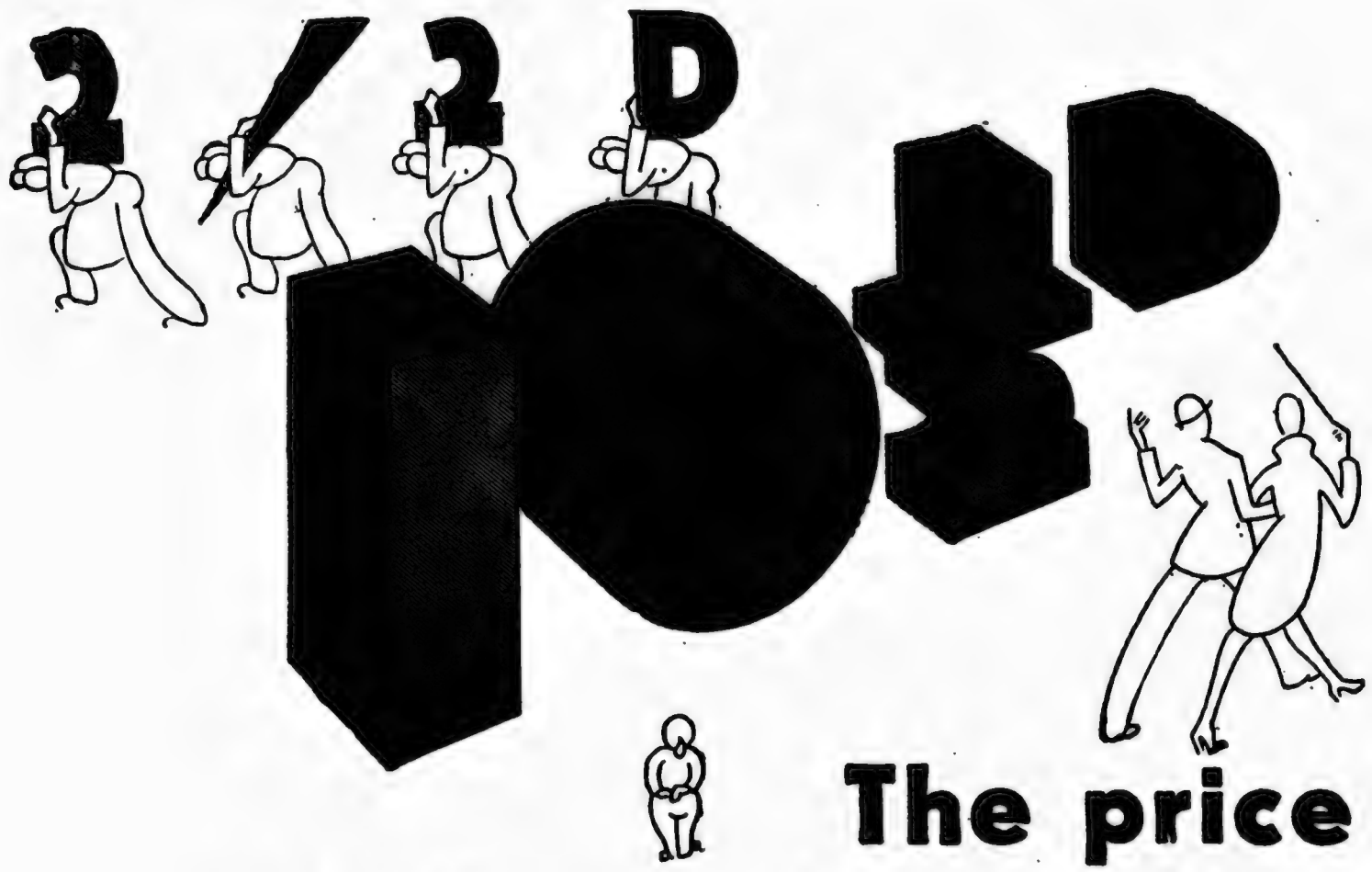
It has been very active in endeavouring to influence investors, but the people behind the scenes do not rely solely upon its eulogistic columns to help them in foisting worthless shares upon the public.

Pre-paid wires, long-distance telephone-calls and personal visits are all resorted to, the net being spread even as far as Northern Ireland.

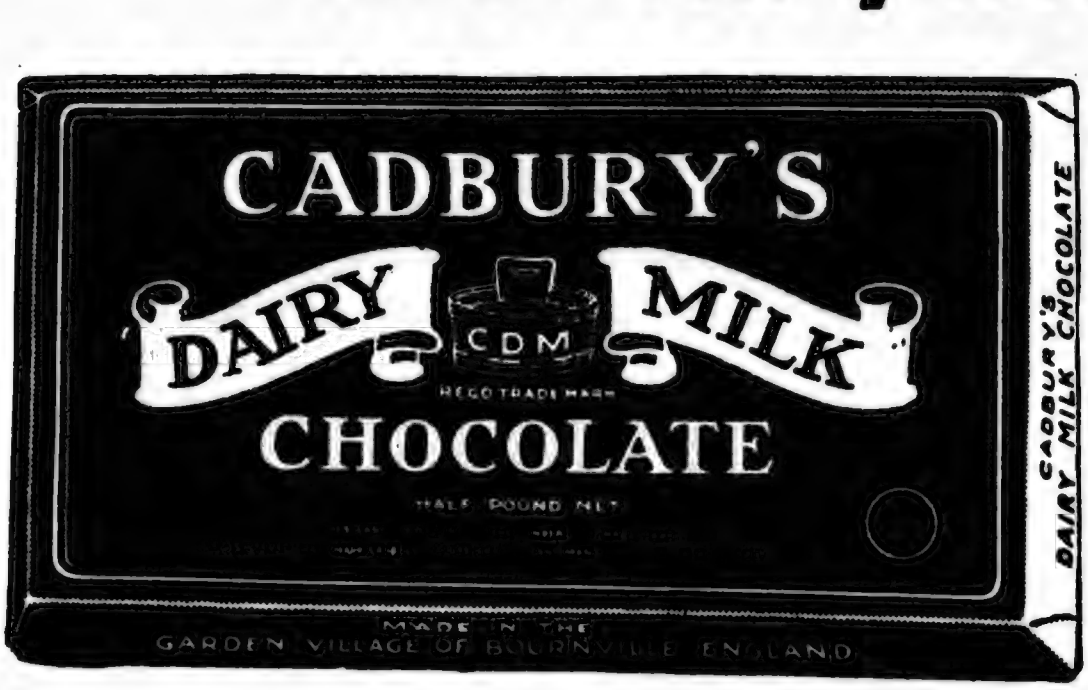
One dupe alone in that territory was fleeced by a canvasser of £3,000 in cash and some valuable Government securities in exchange for dubious copper shares.

A number of victims have placed their cases in the hands of solicitors and others have complained to the police.

We strongly advise the same course to any readers who may have had dealings with these share-pests, while others should be warned to disregard all offers emanating from such a source.



The price of Cadbury's Milk chocolate has come down and down until 10½D. buys half a pound which ten years ago cost



2/2D.

and that's why you'll say—

I . . WANT . . CADBURY'S

★

R101: The Truth

by E. ROFFE THOMPSON

At the disaster enquiry—On top: Major S. P. C. Cooper and Squadron Leader R. S. Booth (in peaked cap). Below: Prof. L. Bairstow and the Zep. expert, Dr. Eckener

DESPITE the fact that there is to be a full official enquiry into the *R101*, there is a word to be said.

I do not want even to appear to anticipate the finding of the enquiry, but, except in these pages, there has, all along, been too little said about Britain's monstrous gasbags, and the time has come for some very plain speaking.

The most dramatic thing in the world is the truth, and the truth about the *R100* and the *R101* is dramatic enough.

It can be told in a sentence—blind adherence to theory, and a complete disregard of scientific fact.

For the truth is that the *R100* and the *R101* are, in design and construction, diametrically opposite. If the *R100* is right the *R101* was wrong. If the *R101* was right the *R100* is a foolish experiment.

In itself that is astonishing enough—but see what happened.

The *R101* is wrecked. The *R100* flew to Canada and back—but the public has never been informed of the fact that nothing but pure luck ever got it to Canada, let alone enabled it to make the return journey.

It was not carrying paying passengers or mails.

It could not be said to be overloaded in any way. Yet it arrived at Montreal with less than sufficient fuel for six hours' flying.

Had the trouble to its fabric been but a little more serious, nothing in the world could have saved it from becoming a tragic wreck. It would never have reached its journey's end.

Let me ask a question. Who among the "experts" who designed both the *R100* and the *R101* had had any experience of designing airships?

Now let us consider a few more facts. I have reason to believe that before ever the *R101* set off on its last tragic voyage things had occurred which made it positively criminal to attempt ever to make a long journey.

Moored to the mast at Cardington, it repeatedly developed rips in the envelope of anything up to 80 ft. long—merely by swinging and swaying at the mast.

Was that an earnest of her ability to conquer storms and hurricanes?

Sinister warnings

The *R101* flew over the Air Pageant at Hendon this last summer. Only those on board know how close to a terrible disaster it came then.

When, with considerable difficulty, it was again moored to the mast at Cardington, no fewer than sixty holes were found in the envelope, due to the chafing of the fabric against the steel framework.

What sort of evidence was this of its ability to stand up to a journey from Britain to India?

Writing in JOHN BULL shortly before his death, the late Mr. Frank Rose, M.P., a persistent critic of the airship theory, said this:

"Stripped of all technical terminology it boils down to this: two monstrous gold-beaters' skin bladders, filled with explosive poisonous gas, enclosed in a flimsy metal framework and covered with sheets of doped linen, are to carry a few score of passengers and ten tons of cargo (perhaps) into Atlantic storms or tropical heat.

"That is the best one can say of the theory. For the practice one must wait, though it is safe to predict disaster."

Tragically prophetic words—but no one in the House of Commons listened to him, though he repeated his attack there with a wealth of cogent technical objection.

We may now ask another question.

Not long ago, the *R101* was cut in two in order to allow an extra section, 45 ft. long, to be added. This made it the biggest airship in the world—bigger even than the *Graf Zeppelin*.

Was this the reason for the addition? Was it a case of airship megalomania—*or was it necessary to do something drastic to enable this "monstrous gold-beaters' skin bladder" to lift the inordinately heavy oil engines that had been fitted to her instead of the petrol engines that were installed on the R100?*

We are, I think, entitled to a definite answer to this question, too, for Major C. Turner, writing in the current number of *Air*, said:

"The *R101* . . . is the first big experiment with heavy-oil engines. Admittedly the designers have been let down through no fault of their own, and the engines are far too heavy."

Staggering!

Major Turner ended his article on a tragically prophetic note:

"It is indeed amazing," he said, "that our devoted and extraordinarily efficient airship crews should be called upon to navigate airships which for one reason or another are severely handicapped, if not positively dangerous."

It is all rather staggering, isn't it?

There is another question to which I think the public must be given an answer.

Who exactly was responsible for saying that the experts were all wrong and the theorists were right?

No doubt a lot of these questions will now be answered—when it is too late to recall heroic men from their deaths.

Meanwhile, the point is whether or not it is worth while building these unwieldy monsters at all. Their record has been singularly uninspiring.

Germany, the pioneer airship nation before the war, lost eight *Zeppelins* between 1907 and 1914, and during the war lost five *Zeppelins* in one night during a storm. America has lost ten, France two, and Italy three.

We ourselves had already lost five, before the *R101* set out to destruction.

And practically all these airships were destroyed by storms that is the point that sticks out a mile.

Seeing that an airship *en route* cannot land, this apparent inability to counter bad weather needs a lot of explaining away, quite apart from any technical objections to their structure.

The *R101* cost well over £1,000,000. So did the *R100*. Was there ever anyone who honestly believed that this terrible expenditure would be anything but sheer waste?

Commenting on the recent disaster, a French paper pertinently asks: "Why continue to have confidence in the dirigible with its atrocious toll of martyrdom?"

That, above all others, is the question that now waits for an official answer.

Stop it now

To criticise airships is not to criticise aviation. No one doubts that the air is the transport of the future.

But to believe that is a very different thing from believing in a method that from early pre-war days has brought nothing but death and disaster in its train, and in nearly three years has entirely failed to prove itself either safe or remotely commercial.

Progress, it is true, cannot be made without risks; but there are some risks that are not worth while, and the airship is one of them.

France and Italy have already decided not to build any more of these monstrous gasbags. Let us do the same, and stop this deliberate gambling with brave men's lives.

Let me draw your attention, in conclusion, to one very startling thing which, to my mind, throws an appalling load of responsibility on to some unknown shoulders.

Mr. E. F. Spanner, whose detailed technical criticisms of the *R101* were never answered, said, in a paper he read before the Institute of Marine Engineers in 1927:

"If the technical design of the new airships is faulty—that is, if it is based on faulty deductions as to the stresses to be met with in steady air conditions—forty men will probably lose their lives on, or soon after, the trial trip.

"If the design is sound for steady air currents, but the craft meets abnormal conditions which over-stress her and against which she cannot stand, all on board will probably perish."

In view of what has just happened, that is, perhaps, the most startling thing of all.

The Human Machine

A King's Guide

HANGING on the walls of the King's library is some good advice:

"Teach me to be obedient to the rules of the game.

"Teach me to distinguish between sentiment and sentimentality, admiring the one and despising the other.

"Teach me neither to proffer nor to receive cheap praise.

"If I am called upon to suffer, let me be like a well-bred beast that goes away to suffer in silence.

"Teach me to win if I may: if I may not win, then teach me to be a good loser.

"Teach me neither to cry for the moon nor over spilt milk."

See how simple and how homely life's guiding principles can be! The daring and the heroic find no place in them—unless you care to call it heroic to achieve self-control and mastery over your own soul; or unless you are acute enough to recognise the daring involved in doing right though all around you are doing wrong.

Most people would fail to recognise a diamond if they saw one—until it had been cut and polished by skill and hard work—and Life's rather like that, if you see what I mean.

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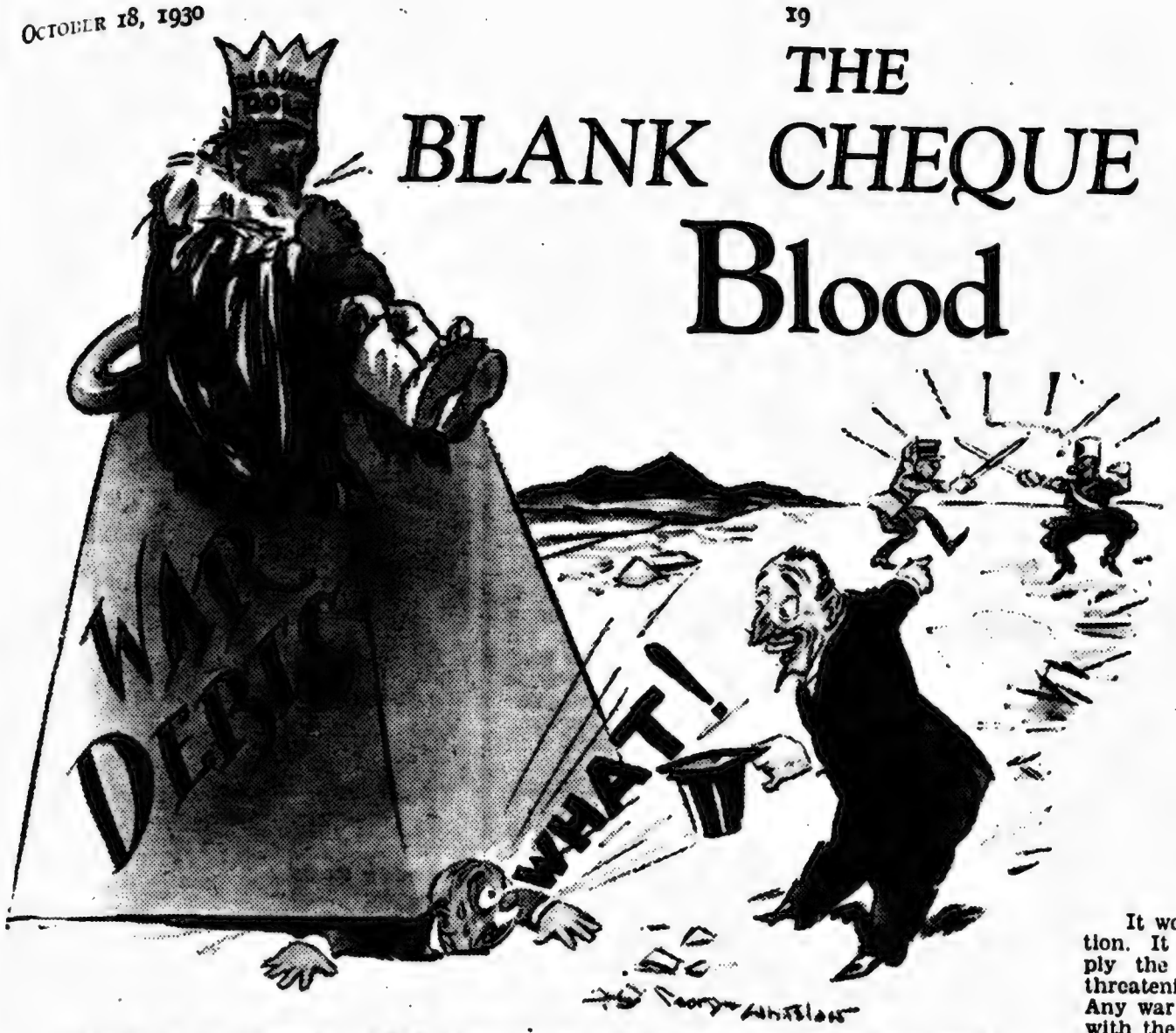
THE BLANK CHEQUE IN Blood

Without Fear or Favour



FRANCE (*to Mr. Taxpayer*): *"Will Monsieur 'ave ze politeness to pay for zis lee:le war?"*

BRITAIN is still looked upon as the rich uncle of Europe. Our national symbol is the lion; and we pay the lion's share of the cost of the League of Nations and the international loans arranged by that estimable body.

The latest proposal is that we should be prepared to subscribe, on the same scale, to a fund to subsidise other people's wars.

A treaty has just been initialed by Viscount Cecil, called the Convention for Providing Financial Assistance to States threatened with Aggression. It may cost Britain millions of money and affects every man, woman and child in this country; for we are all taxpayers, directly or indirectly.

The "rich uncle" legend started during our wars of the eighteenth century with France. We had no conscription in England then; it wasn't convenient to send large armies to the Continent, so we subsidised any State we could enlist as an ally.

That was in the days of small professional armies; but when the last war broke out we not only subsidised all our allies, and are being paid back at the rate of about 1s. 9d. in the pound, but sent a huge army as well, and on land and sea lost a million men in the process.

The legend of Britain's bottomless purse and unstinting generosity was strengthened, and has now become an article of faith, firmly held by the small, needy, but pugnacious, States of Europe and by some of the larger and richer ones as well.

DESPITE our difficulties, London is still the financial centre of the world, and our credit stands higher than any other nation's.

For the last ten years French diplomacy, always astute and far-seeing, has tried to inveigle this country into what is known as an *Eastern* Locarno.

Under the *Western* Locarno we have guaranteed the Franco-German frontier from aggression. But France wants us to go much further and guarantee Poland, Roumania, Finland and other smaller States in the same way.

Successive British Governments have refused to have anything to do with this pretty idea.

There are plenty of safeguards in the League of Nations, if only the League is honestly used; and the people of this country would not send our men or pour out our money to fight wars in Central and Eastern Europe.

Most of these small States are allies or satellites of France, and they have cost her a good deal of money, principally for munitions.

If France can shift some of this burden on to us so much the better from her point of view. This is the real history of the Convention for Financial Assistance.

It was first proposed some four years ago by the very energetic Foreign Minister of Finland, Monsieur Procope, a young man in a hurry, who voices the nervousness of his fellow-Fins about possible future Russian designs on their land frontier stretching from the Arctic Ocean to the Baltic.

Though the voice was that of Monsieur Procope the hand was the French Foreign Office.

Last year, at the Assembly of the League of Nations, the plan made progress. But news filtered through to England and there was such a strong protest that it was shelved. Now it has been revived, with certain safeguards it is true.

TWENTY-NINE States have agreed to provide a credit fund. They include Abyssinia, Albania, Esthonia, Persia, and Portugal, while it is hoped that Luxembourg will be persuaded to add her signature.

The idea is that some State in the position of a blue-eyed boy of the League will persuade the others that it is likely to be the victim of aggression, and will then be able to raise a loan for fighting purposes or the purchase of armaments guaranteed by the other Powers, which in practice means us.

America will have nothing to do with this plan. In the main, English and French credit will be used.

The most likely recipients of this assistance are already military allies of France, incidentally quite contrary to the whole spirit of the League of Nations.

If things work out as Paris hopes, the net result will be that they will share the burden with us.

And we shall pay.

This scheme is contrary to the soundest policy for the preservation of peace.

We have had quite enough of wars to end war.

All the Parties to this latest instrument are signatories of the Kellogg Pact. Under it they are bound not to engage in war for the furtherance of national policy, and only to settle their disputes by peaceable means.

Suppose there is a dispute between two of the Balkan States—who, ever since they were liberated from Turkish rule, have either been at war with each other or threatening war with each other—and one of them manages to persuade the Council of the League that she is a "victim of aggression."

She immediately receives the international credit enabling her to raise money for fighting purposes under the plan.

That is hardly the way to encourage a peaceful solution. Imagine a very similar case in civil life:

Two men have a dispute, say, about a piece of land, and threaten to "have the law" on each other.

Wealthy neighbours of one of them say, "Poor chap, we think you are being badly used, and if the matter reaches the courts we will make ourselves responsible for the bill of costs."

It would hardly lead to an amicable solution. It would be far better to refuse to supply the sinews of war at all to nations threatening to go to war with each other. Any war in Europe to-day is likely to spread with the most appalling results for all of us.

Once war has broken out we shall be under a moral obligation to go on paying: and if the other parties default we shall be expected to foot the bill.

France raised her loans in America during the last war on British credit; and when France didn't pay, the Americans came down on us and we had to meet the obligation. That is why we are paying over £1,000,000 a week in cash to America to-day.

ONCE bitten, twice shy; and we must be very careful before we finally enter into any such obligations.

We are glad to say that Mr. Henderson, who represented Britain very ably this year at Geneva, succeeded in putting one safeguard into this proposed treaty. It is not to come into operation until a disarmament treaty has been drawn up, signed and is in force.

This is something to be thankful for; but a good deal depends on the disarmament treaty.

We signed one in the Treaty of Versailles, under which all the Allies undertook to reduce their armaments to the lowest point necessary for national safety as soon as Germany had been disarmed.

There are to-day in Europe more men under arms than before the last war, and more money is being spent on war preparations every year, in spite of financial stringency, by all these States who are now saying that they are afraid of aggression.

Lastly, what is aggression? It has never been properly defined.

When the Franco-Prussian War of 1870 broke out, the Prime Minister in the British House of Commons, seconded by the Leader of the Opposition, proposed a resolution, which was carried unanimously, declaring poor Germany was the victim of aggression owing to the military threats of the third Emperor of France, Napoleon the Little.

EUROPE to-day is a seething cauldron of Nationalist hates, fears and suspicions.

We shall be fortunate if another war is avoided during the next eight years.

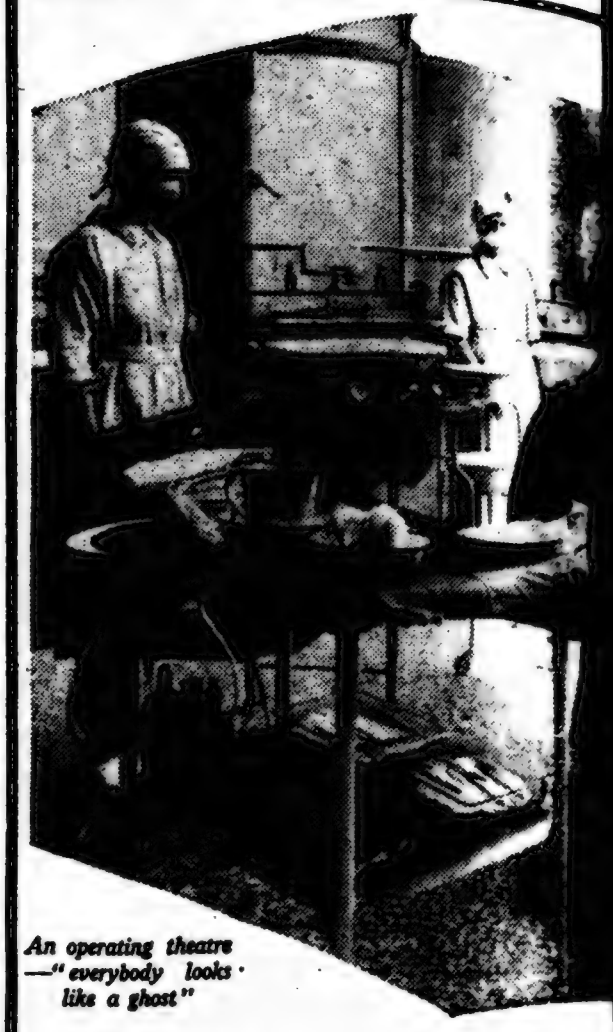
British policy should be to refuse further commitments or entanglements. The true policy of peace—and here we *will* get the support of the United States of America—is to *outlaw war*.

This financial subsidy for potential belligerents is a retrograde step that may lead to much loss, and even worse mischief.

My Ho R

by

The wound gaped . . . . then I slipped . . . . I heard the surgeon say, "Take her out" . . . .



An operating theatre —"everybody looks like a ghost"

MY ambition was to become a matron. Instead, I am going to . . .; but that is another story.

"Wags" came across my vision about a week after I started on probation, but then I thought him impossible.

He was untidy and self-assured, nearly as raw at the business as I was; but he had no stomach to trouble him.

He was a medical student, I a probationer, and we were both in the operating-theatre.

The theatre was warm. Not a window was open. The air was washed and steam-heated; pumped in and sucked out by machinery.

In the middle of a bare patch—holy ground—was the operating-table, on which lay an unrecognisable lump of humanity swathed in sterile sheets.

The instrument-stand held weapons that gleamed, and were more reminiscent of the Inquisition than of healing science. Nurses and Sister were round the table, an anæsthetist at the patient's head.

Everybody in the circle looked like a ghost; gloved, wrapped and gowned, masked and hatted, in clean white, as though they had been in general collision and injured everywhere.

Fainting . . . away

Medical students and "dirty" nurses were there. We probationers flattened ourselves out, supernumeraries.

There is a wide gulf fixed between "sterile" and "dirty." The nurses and surgeons who were busy with the operation were "sterile," as free from bacteria as human ingenuity could make them. Everything not "sterile" was dirty.

A "sterile" nurse freed the surgeon's arms from the protecting towel, and threw it across the floor to a "dirty" nurse. The surgeon said something, and the students laughed. They laughed easily.

A flick, and the bandage and sheet were off the patient. A pass of the glove, and the scalpel was in the surgeon's hand. He was at work. The incision was made, and his finger-tips went in. Hand retractors opened a way for him.

I heard him mutter something. They seemed to be swabbing the whole of the patient's inside. Then the assistant opened up the wound and set the screw of the retractor.

I lost the surgeon's fingers. He was going deeper. The wound gaped. The surgeon mumbled "That's better."

Then I slipped.

I heard him say "Take her out." And I heard "Wags" sniff.

They left me in the corridor, to come round.

My brother had been a flying officer during the war, and told me that the way he kept his nerve was to go up again after a crash.

The come-back

To keep my nerve, I rejoined the procession, and stood by seven other operations that morning, without passing out again.

Just before I went to luncheon, I saw "Wags" ambling along.

"That's the stuff," he said.

I went on, without speaking. I took my vocation seriously. Besides, I was afraid they'd put me through the medical examination again, have doubts about my heart, after the faint.

Nursing was real to me. It always has been. That alone would have kept me at school so long. I simply had to get into the hospital, and matriculation was necessary.

By the skin of my teeth I got through, and they accepted me as a candidate. But there was a medical examination.

"Had scarlet fever?" asked the doctor.

"No," I said.

A snub or two

One other question made me laugh. He wanted to know if there was any insanity in the family! It seemed humorous to me then. It didn't later.

I was in, a probationer on trial. The matron had impressed upon me the privilege I enjoyed. They were exclusive in this hospital. High-school education at least, and preferably public-school.

Matron looked down her aristocratic nose and told me why.

"Well, my dear, nursing *is* a lady's job!"

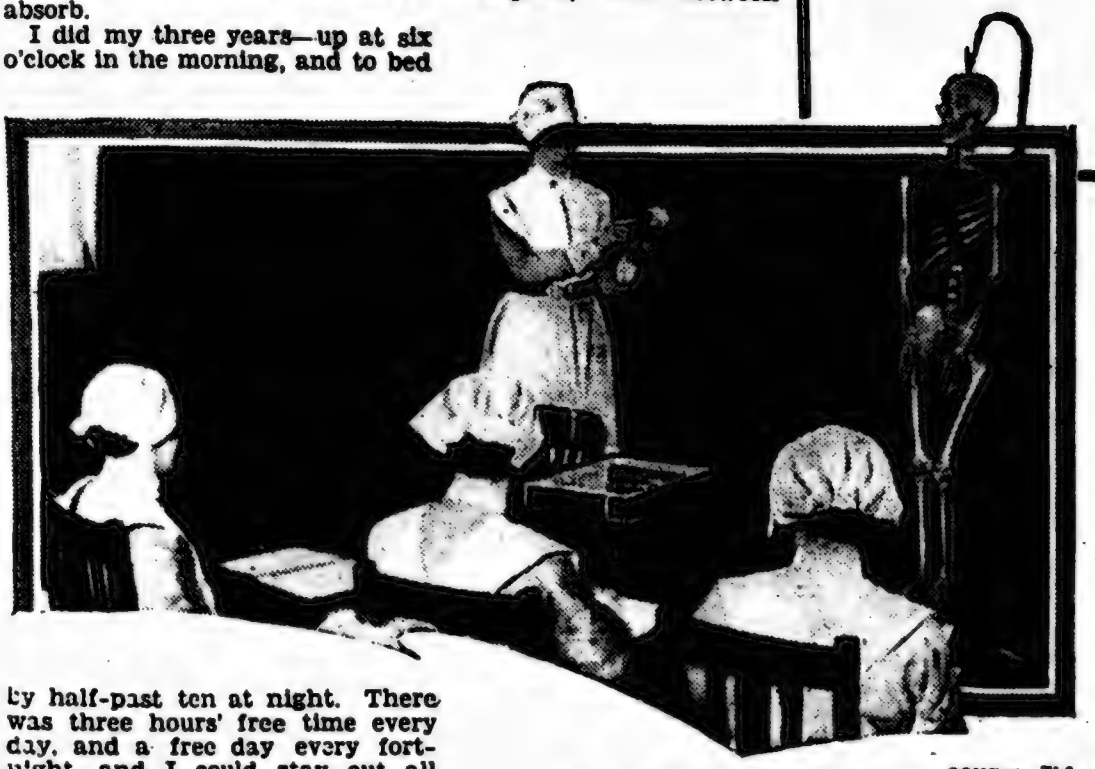
I entered on three years' sentence in the second division. That's how some of the probationers looked at it.

The only person in a hospital who thinks the probationer amounts to more than a row of pins—safety—is the probationer. She gets into everybody's way, more or less, and learns to get out.

So she becomes disciplined, and doesn't break her heart over a few healthy snubs delivered by really important and busy people.

Her routine is monotonous, but routine is essential, in view of the mass of information she has to absorb.

I did my three years—up at six o'clock in the morning, and to bed by half-past ten at night. There was three hours' free time every day, and a free day every fortnight, and I could stay out all night then if I wanted to.



Classes—and more classes

Breakfast at half-past six, in the wards by seven, doing general cleaning up, but not cleaning the floors, of course. Ward-maids do that nowadays.

Still, there was enough medical cleaning—"sinks"—to do, pans and apparatus, and making beds with the staff-nurse, to keep me going till half-past eight, when the Sister came in to say prayers for about two minutes. Rather rushed, they were.

Later, there followed a round with the medical officer, and the Sister and nurse, more questions and answers.

Two classes a week, and a lecture from a medical officer or surgeon, and study. Study is the real thing. What a nurse is not expected to know doesn't matter.

By half-past nine she is tired, if she is any good. There is no eight-hour day in her profession—if it really is a profession. I suppose it is, or else it would be better paid.

Just to discourage people who "think it would be nice to be a nurse," and have an idea that it is both easy and genteel, the pay is £18 for the first year (all found, of course), £24 for the second, and £30 for the third.

A qualified staff nurse gets £60 a year!

There is not the slightest use becoming a nurse unless it is in the spirit of a vocation. Not a bit.

Nursing is no profession for ease and luxury. It demands, seldom gives, except in strange satisfactions.

But I confess that it is worth a year's pay to see people going away strong and healthy, who came in looking like death, and perilously near to it, too.

Work is hardish. There were fifty wards in my hospital, and between them they kept me from boredom. Even resentment for "Wags" was put out of mind.

During probation, I travelled through all the wards, and gathered something about the electric light and X-ray departments, took my turn in the septic ward—which truly is fearful, where things are a daily occurrence that the world has forgotten.

I learned a bit of dietetics and invalid cooking, as well as serving in the specialised sections, aural, ophthalmic and dental.

Incidentally, I have passed other qualifying examinations and became a registered nurse. They were frightful exams. and the worst was the first. Then I took on massage and midwifery.

It was after my first exam. that I saw "Wags" again to speak to. Of course, I'd seen him often enough, chasing operations.

One day he winked at me during an operation. I didn't mind. I liked his enthusiasm, and so did old Jo —— (famous surgeon, Old Jo), who afterwards took him in hand.

After the operation, we collided in the corridor again, and talked though that was not quite the right thing to do; but we talked where nobody could hear, and where we could even sneak a smoke into the bargain.

"How's it going?" he asked.

PITAL ROMANCE

CHARGE NURSE

He put his hands on my shoulders and looked me in the eyes . . . . I am leaving the hospital

"How's ten bob a week seem to you? Princely salary, isn't it?"

I told him.

"Well, when you know a little more anatomy and much more physiology, can lay out a laparotomy set and name any treatment we'll raise you to fifteen bob. Look out! Here's Jo! "

Poverty pay

His joke about the fifteen bob a week wasn't perhaps in the best of taste, but he knew. One almost takes the vow of poverty with probation.

Think it out for yourselves. When you are sick, you put yourselves into the hands of highly-trained women—and pay them less than you would pay a typist.

Besides, you might forgive your secretary for a mistake. You might not be able to forgive the nurse if she made one.

You put a woman of much greater experience and knowledge in charge of a staff of five or six hundred other women, all working to save life—and a hospital matron must be as efficient as a managing director—but she is fortunate if she gets £250 a year.

One day, when I was a staff-nurse, and "Wags" had finished his course, I was in the theatre for a simple appendectomy.

Old Jo was supposed to be doing it, but "Wags" really operated, under the old man's eye.

My heart was rather in-my-mouthish when I saw him take up the scalpel, although appendicitis is about the simplest job a surgeon has to handle.

"Wags" was clever. He didn't gash. I could see that his technique was exactly modelled on old Jo's.

There was the same ridiculously small incision, and before long there would be the same speed. He was sure, so sure.

I wasn't at all alarmed when the older surgeon stepped forward, but there was a scream from one of the nurses standing by. She went green.

"Relieve Miss Davis, will you?" said "Wags" to another nurse who was by, and went calmly on.

They took the hysterical woman out. I could hear her sobbing. She is under expert care now, and will be for a long time.

It was the extra strain, I suppose, and the fear that something was going wrong when old Jo stepped forward that brought out the hidden streak she inherited from her people.

Insanity. They hadn't got the truth when she was accepted for probation.

"No eight-hour day"—but there are rare consolations

"Wags" came up to my ward. His patient was there. When he left, we walked to the door together. I tried to be professional, but he wasn't.

"Miss Davis reminded me of something I've wanted to say a long time," he said.

"Oh?" I replied, not understanding.

"Yes," he continued, dragging out his words as though he were George Bernard Shaw, and they cost a lot of money.

"I've wanted to apologise to you for five years, for laughing when you fainted. I didn't know . . . . But, if it's any satisfaction to you, let me tell you that I went round the corner after that op. and was sick! "

I laughed because I was embarrassed.

Soon after, I went out on private nursing, for a change, but always came back into hospital between cases. That is the only way to keep up with new developments, and there are many.

After one case I went on duty, and spent much of my time surgical, now in "sterile." But the experiences in that theatre nearly ended my devotion to the hospital.

The lost sponge

We had everything ready. The operating surgeon had the reputation of being fussy. I had checked the instruments again and again, and the full set comprises nearly seventy separate items, apart from dressings.

It was the last operation of the morning, and I had had none too much sleep the day before. I suppose I was on edge, but we gave him good team-work.

Sir James looked round and started to work. Very clever, but frightfully supercilious.

"Everything re-counted?" he demanded, when he had finished.

Everything wasn't counted, and he knew it. One of the sponges was missing, but I had watched very closely and knew it wasn't sewn up inside the patient, so I let him go on reading the riot act.

Then I lifted the towel under which I had seen him tuck the sponge, and showed it to him.

He said no more, but I had spoiled his joke. There was a little feeble laughter among the students.

He went out, and was gone before I could get him to authorise an S O S injection. So I got "Wags" to do it.

"I know how you felt," he said, "but you've got to let him go his own way. Never get the laugh yourself. Give it to him, it keeps him up."

Still, it was done, and I was glad afterwards that I had seen "Wags," because that injection was necessary. The patient began to slip, so I gave it and telephoned for the doctor.

Must be humble

Sir James was in the ward the next day and called for the chart, read it and looked at me. I knew what he meant—nurses don't give injections without instruction. So I explained the addition and he had to be satisfied.

But I was wrong, and in disfavour. Nurses must keep humble. It is useless being spiritually insubordinate. The best thing I could do would be to get out. I transferred to the maternity wards.

One day I was standing by the lift when I saw Mrs. Saunders come along.

She had promised to come in two weeks ago, and then had vanished. Now here she was, absolutely at the last gasp.

I knew what was the matter with her. There was no mistaking the wet gleam of her eye, or the agonised set of her chin. Fear had driven her back to us.

The lift had just come down and I was helping her into it when "Wags" came round the corner.

There was no time to argue, so I hurried him in too, and we argued on the way up. As briefly as I could I told him about her.

Mrs. Saunders was a woman of nearly forty, who had twice failed to bring her children into the world. She had no chance.

Light-starved and food-starved ever since she was a child, she still carried in her body the after-effects of rickets, I knew.

There was a physical malformation that might spell death for her.

Love knocks

I was breaking rules and customs in acting thus. It was another surgeon's job, but it must be done soon—and "Wags" was a brick.

An hour later, two little Saunders were in their cot, having taken. Cæsar's route into the world, and Mrs. Saunders was comfortably in her bed, with morphia to ease her round through the anæsthetic.

Over the cot, I told "Wags" I was leaving the hospital.

"Why?" he demanded.

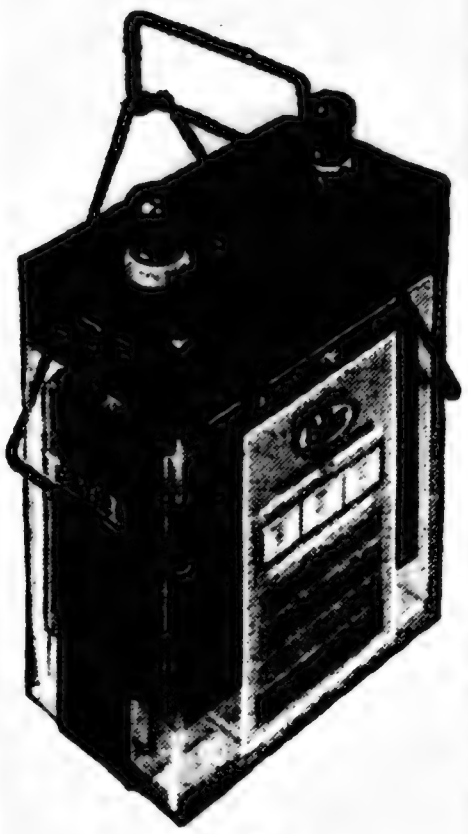
"Just because . . ." I replied.

I only meant I was going on private work, but he didn't tumble, only his face fell.

We had gone back to the theatre. There was no one else there, as it happened. He put his hands on my shoulders and looked me in the eyes.

I looked into his, too. He has fine eyes, and now that he's a bit more mature, he isn't so untidy. Just untidy enough to look like the genius he's going to be.

So I am leaving the hospital, but not the profession, and there'll be one less in the running for the sisterhood that I had already put out of my reach. There are other-hoods, though.



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A Society *that* MAKES HE-MEN

"Strongest of all the explorers," Mr. A. C. Irvine who perished on his attempt to reach the summit of Everest

WHEN the Prince of Wales presides over the Centenary Banquet of the Royal Geographical Society next week he will hear told the lustrous tale of a hundred years of high adventure.

It is odd that the man in the street knows so little about the society, since it has accomplished so much.

He is apt to visualise it as a unit of academic greybeards, juggling with scholastic riddles as dry as the dust on the exhibits of their museums.

That impression is false. The society is keenly, intensely alive. It palpitates with the romance of achievement.

Its name and history are irrevocably linked with many of the most important explorations and discoveries of the century that have passed since its foundation.

But it has always shunned the limelight. It has sponsored and financed great pioneers and adventurers as unostentatiously as the latter have themselves accomplished their missions.

The society, in its hundred years of life, has been intimately associated with what were once the seven great problems of discovery—the attainment of the North-East Passage, the North-West Passage, the North Pole, the South Pole, the sources of the Nile, the forbidden city of Lhasa, and the summit of Mount Everest.

Its prized medal has been awarded to the men who accomplished the first five of these feats: one of its own presidents, Sir Francis Younghusband, achieved the sixth, and the society's tragic, but triumphant, onslaught on Everest is recent enough to be more generally remembered.

Baulked again

Colonel Howard-Bury, who negotiated with the Government of India to obtain from the Tibetan Government permission to attack the lofty monster of ice and snow, led the society's preliminary expedition in 1921.

A detailed survey was made, camps were occupied to a height of 22,500 ft., invaluable pictures were taken and plans were laid for the least deadly march to the challenging summit.

In 1922 a formidable expedition set out for the top. General the Hon. C. G. Bruce—son of a former president, Lord Aberdare—commanded the pioneers.

By using oxygen in the rarefied air, they attained an altitude of 27,000 ft., and their disappointment must have been bitter, since they were only 2,000 ft. from their objective.

But the lure of Everest still fascinated. And the Royal Geographical Society was still undaunted. As an avenue of exploration and as a theme for speculation and discussion, it was almost unrivalled.

So, in 1924, General Bruce led another band of challengers, the Alpine Club co-operating with the Royal Geographical Society.

Unfortunately, the General contracted malaria before the ascent began, and the command was taken over by Colonel E. F. Norton.

Foul weather was encountered by the climbers, but their fortitude was amazing.

They made their highest camp at 26,000 ft., and from this hazardous bed-place Norton and Somervell, two of the party, climbed to 28,000 ft., the greatest altitude from which any climber has returned.

But that was not to be the end. With peerless courage, Mallory and Irvine, strongest of all the explorers, set out to conquer the 3,000 ft. which separated them from the summit.

Breathlessly their comrades watched them climbing precariously, but successfully, on their way, burdened with heavy oxygen apparatus.

A secret still

They were never seen again—but it is believed they achieved their goal. Further expeditions have been banned by the Tibetan Government, and Everest keeps its secret.

Although this magnificent effort was one in which the society was particularly actively concerned, it has a wealth of associations with exploration and research.

In the first seventy-five years of its life, when it was still far from being a society of the magnitude that it is to-day, it contributed more than £25,000 in grants, and spent, in addition, a small fortune on instruments for various campaigns.

It proved a priceless friend to explorers in Africa, such as Livingstone and Speke, to mention but two.

Incidentally, the discovery of the lost Dr. Livingstone by Stanley, a "mere reporter" financed by an American newspaper, when the society's relief expedition had failed, threw an amusing sidelight on the austerity of the society.

Stanley, despite this and other exploration successes, was, in the vernacular, "handed the frozen mit," but even the icy indifference of the society had to thaw.

In after years Stanley was generously honoured and treated with the great respect and deference he merited. The Royal Geographical Society may be highbrow, but it is always just.

Arctic and Antarctic work was always dear to the heart—and had access to the purse—of the society.

In 1901-2 it contributed £3,000 for Captain Scott's first expedition, and, as a result, had little to spend on exploration for some time afterwards.

Mikkelsen and Amundsen both received grants for expeditions to the frozen spaces.

Captain Scott's second expedition was financed to the extent of £1,500, and Dr. Mawson's expedition £600.

Sir Ernest Shackleton was able to draw on its purse to the extent of £1,000.

World tentacles

Well over a thousand pounds was spent on the exploration of New Guinea, and £625 was contributed to the cost of measuring a section of the Geodetic Arc of Meridian on the Uganda-Congo boundary.

Nothing new in exploration was attempted during the war years, and the rising administration costs during the past few years have left little surplus for grants to explorers.

Nevertheless, the Everest effort was launched, and the society has contributed from its general funds to several University expeditions to Spitsbergen, the Mount Logan Expedition of the Alpine Club of Canada, Colonel Fawcett's expedition to the Amazon basin, and Major Kenneth Mason's expedition to the Shaksgam.

It also aided the British Museum expedition to Lubaantun, the great Barrier Reef expedition, the Oxford University's Exploration Club's expedition to British Guiana, and Mr Wordie's trips to Eastern Greenland.

In addition, invaluable instruments have been lent to many other expeditions. Truly, the Royal Geographical Society is the fairy godfather of adventurers.

The society, which traces its descent from a dining club, has grown from 460 "noblemen and gentlemen" in 1830 to 6,400 men and women in 1930. Altogether some 20,000 Fellows have joined since its inception.

Treasure of science

Its already extensive home—it has had many in its history—in Kensington Gore, London, has just been elaborately enlarged, and the improvements will be opened by the Duke of York.

The magnificent library is the last word in geographical knowledge. There are something like 75,000 volumes.

The map-room catalogue gives references to 1,700 atlases, 183,900 maps, 75,500 photographs and 28,000 lantern slides. The museum, too, is a mine of treasures.

It is well that the man in the street should know, on this centenary occasion, the great work that the society has done and is doing in the advancement of discovery, geographical knowledge and science—and, last, but by no means least, personal heroism and achievement.

Mornings when you wake up tired

. . . show that your sleep is not Deep enough

In this simple way thousands guard their health and vitality

PEOPLE who find it "hard to get up" even after a long night — people whose energy flags early in the day — are not getting enough *deep* sleep, authorities state.

Moreover, statistics show that 70 out of every 100 people fail to get all the rest they need. For it is *deep* sleep rather than long sleep, scientists say, which rests the body and brain.

This simple, health-giving custom — a cupful of hot Horlick's Malted Milk taken regularly at bedtime — has helped thousands of men and women to get the restful sleep they need.

The warmth and generous creaminess of the Malted Milk is wonderfully soothing. It has a lightly stimulating effect on the digestive organs — helps over-keyed, tense nerves to relax. Warmed and satisfied — you are soon fast asleep.

Start taking Horlick's today! Nothing you could choose is more nourishing, more exactly suited to the body's needs — more valuable for building glowing health! Chemists and grocers everywhere have Horlick's, in sealed glass bottles in four sizes. Also the Horlick's Mixer. Ask, too, for the Malted Milk Tablets.

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"I find that days of strenuous exercise and hard brain work alike rarely leave me over-fatigued. This general 'fitness' I attribute largely to the splendid refreshing sleep which I make sure of by drinking a cupful of Horlick's at bedtime each night."

MR. S. H. GILBERT
50, *Grasmere Road, Muswell Hill, N.*10

"My husband is a policeman, and he often says he'd rather go without food than miss a good night's rest. I give him a cup of Horlick's just before he goes to bed, and he sleeps as soundly as a top. Even when he's on night duty, and has to sleep through the day, he never stirs until I tell him it's time to get up. And when he does waken he's always fresh and ready for work. The children have Horlick's, too. They love it, and it seems to keep them well."

MRS. L. A. JEFFS
82, *Margery Park Road, Forest Gate, E.*7

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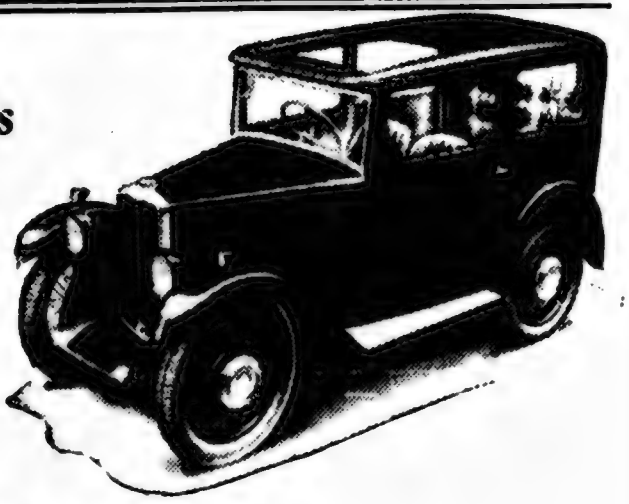

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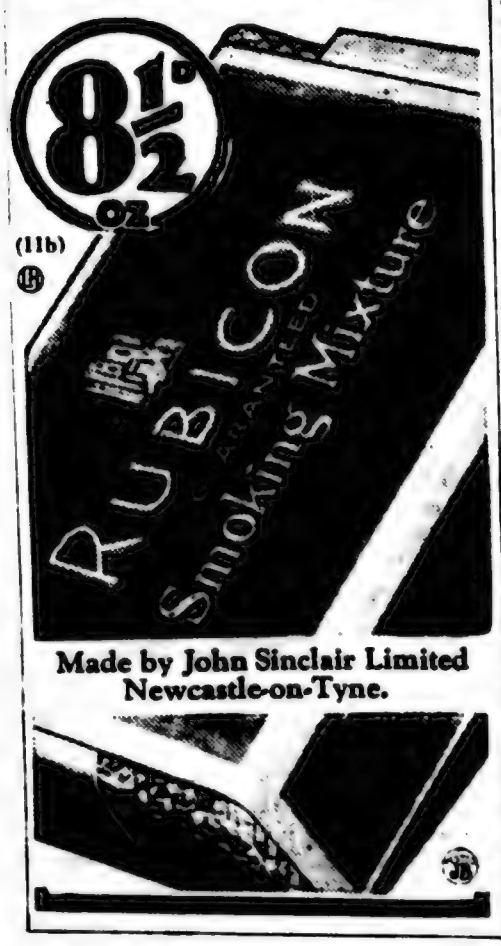

(11b)

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Barbarous Debtor System

A BANKRUPT *We'd Pity*

The books that could never come right . . .

THERE are so many fraudulent bankruptcies that the term "bankrupt" automatically suggests roguery to the public mind.

Yet the greatest sin of the majority of the six thousand traders who annually pass through Carey Street, the great London Bankruptcy Court, is that they have failed in business.

The same misfortune might befall any of us, and only those who have actually experienced it can appreciate the stigma that bankruptcy implies.

The unsuccessful trader emerging from the Bankruptcy Court finds himself only slightly removed from the desperate plight of the ex-convict at the jail-gates.

In one respect, indeed, he fares worse.

An ex-convict may be able to keep his past a secret when making a fresh start; but the law demands that a bankrupt shall not obtain credit without divulging that he is "undischarged"—still on the dreaded list.

What chance has a man of starting afresh in business when he must thus confess to those with whom he hopes to deal that he has previously failed?

Hear for yourself the candid narrative of one victim of the system.

* * *

I KNOW that the year's bankruptcies total £14,000,000, and beside this my own failure for £1,500 may seem trivial.

But I am only one of some fifty thousand other traders who have failed since the war, so in telling my experiences I hope I shall be doing some good.

I didn't rush into business lightheartedly. I was forty years of age, and by dint of thrift and many little sacrifices I had saved nearly £2,000.

The business I acquired cost me £900, on top of which there was a bill for refitting amounting to £259.

Then there were inevitable oddments—a mirror, an overmantel, a typewriter, a desk, a couple of tables, a counter, blinds, carpets, and curtains.

I didn't buy unnecessarily, but anyone will tell you that a well-fitted establishment is the secret of success in business.

To begin with, I laid out £425 odd in stock. The wholesalers gave me credit and treated me with every courtesy.

Things went very well for the first few months, and my wife and children were well provided for and happy. I was able to offer work to two young assistants, paying them 35s. and 32s. a week.

Crumbling away

The rent was always paid quarterly in advance, and I made a point of keeping abreast of rates, taxes, telephone accounts, heating, lighting, insurance and legal costs, to say nothing of the thousand and one other items which crop up when you are running a business.

But while I met all calls promptly, I couldn't always depend upon the same promptness from my customers.

My assistants were loyal and worked hard; I toiled long hours, often drawing less remuneration than they did.

Then came a time when I couldn't meet my telephone account. The grace expired and I was "cut off."

Immediately it was found that my telephone number "was not now obtainable," people became suspicious, though my embarrassment was only of a temporary nature.

Creditors who might otherwise [illegible] been content to wait a few weeks began to press me together, and within a fortnight I had five county-court judgments registered against me.

Had trade been normal I could have pulled through satisfactorily. I was cutting down my personal expenditure rigorously, and had arranged to send my son to a less expensive school next term.

Presently my tradespeople respectfully reminded me that they could not extend their credit. That was the occasion of my first visit to a pawnbroker.

For a mere song

I could have sacked my assistants, perhaps, but that would have thrown two good lads out of employment.

For a time I repeatedly pawned valuables to pay their wages; then I had to dispense with one of the lads.

I expect that what I saved in this way I more than lost in prestige. One month later the crash came. My remaining assets were seized by order of the court.

Now comes a point which I cannot stress too strongly.

Here was I, an honest trader, who had sunk all my savings in a business faced with the dismal picture of seeing my stock-in-trade being disposed of at sacrifice prices.

The goodwill of the business, which had cost me £900, was put down at practically nil. The overmantel, for which I paid £6 6s., was sold for 15s.

One by one I saw things which had been all too costly when I had started in business taken away and sold in order that a few paltry shillings might be set against the "realisation account."

For instance, I had spent £5 on a carpet, and nearly as much on a cloth. Both were described at the sale as being in "perfect condition"; but the carpet realised 10s. and the cloth couldn't be given away.

Barred for ever

Two full-length mirrors costing £4 4s. brought only 15s.—and so the dismal sale went on.

I did not see office furnishings being disposed of; I saw my hard-earned savings being ruthlessly flung away.

Of course, you cannot blame my creditors. I owed them money, and I owe them money still. They sold me up and received sixpence in the pound out of what remained of my £2,000 savings.

This sum, I repeat, was my life savings. It disappeared in eighteen months, during which I worked hard and used every endeavour to make my business a success, limiting my personal expenditure on every hand.

I have since sought employment in a hundred places; but the first questions are: "What have you been doing? Where are your references?"

Meanwhile there is one question that I should like to ask: "Who has benefited by my being made a bankrupt?"

* * *

THAT is the unfortunate trader's own story. JOHN BULL repeats his question: "Who benefits?"

In the last recorded year the excess of receipts over and above expenditure in Carey Street—just one bankruptcy court in London alone—was more than £30,000.

Briefly, a profit of £600 a week was made on rendering a score or more unsuccessful traders ineligible for either business or employment.

Here is a clear call for strong discrimination between the honest and the dishonest bankrupt.

Under the present system the penalty for failure in business is not only too heavy—it is monstrously unfair.

The whole position of honest bankrupts must be reviewed from a new and constructive angle.

The vindictive idea of punishment is out of date. Why should not the decent person be allowed, on a chartered accountant's certificate, more time to pay, or be put in the way of getting credit from a bank to tide him over?

The Poet Laureate Believes—

"And he who gives a child a treat
Makes joy-bells ring in heaven's street;
And he who gives a child a home
Builds palaces in kingdom come."

And so does "The Greatest of These—" Fund. (See page 12.)

Be Ready for the Winter

LEAVES are reddening and falling. Mornings and evenings are chill and damp. Winter is approaching with its dreary days of rain and wind and gloom.

Wintry weather brings colds, coughs and more serious illnesses in its train. Are you ready to face it? Is your health built up so that you are fully protected against winter ailments and epidemic infections?

"Ovaltine" is your sure protection. Prepared from milk, malt and eggs it contains, in correct proportions and in an easily digested form, every food element essential to health.

Make "Ovaltine" your daily beverage in place of tea, coffee, etc., at and between meals. Then you can face the weather with abundant strength and vigour to resist all winter ills.

"Ovaltine" is the most economical as well as the most perfect form of nourishment in the world. Nothing could possibly be added or altered to improve it in any respect.

'OVALTINE'

Builds-up Brain, Nerve and Body

Prices in Gt. Britain and N. Ireland, 1/3, 2/- and 3/9 per tin. P 500

The food for men out in all weathers

Many a man who starts work in the small hours and has to face any weather every day has proved the lasting benefit of a good first meal of Shredded Wheat. This is the testimony of a London 'bus driver :

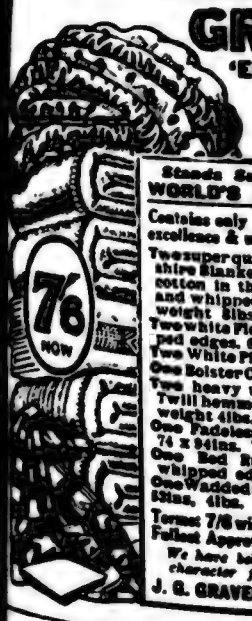
"Being a London 'Bus Driver, out in all weathers, and at all times, and day and night, I find nothing better than two of your Shredded Wheat and a pint of hot milk on going out early morning is far better than egg and bacon. When late turn, finishing any time from 9.30 to 12.30 p.m., it is grand to go home, have Shredded Wheat and straight to bed and rest, as there is no fear of indigestion."

The merits and benefits of Shredded Wheat are due to the unique and careful way in which the whole wheat, including bran and germ, is prepared. You cannot have a better food nor one more economical. Always ready to serve with hot milk or cold, or dry with butter. Make it your habit, too.

SHREDDED WHEAT

100% FOOD

BRITONS MAKE IT — IT MAKES BRITONS



GRAVES 'ENTERPRISE' BARGAIN BALE

Stands Supreme as the WORLD'S FINEST VALUE

Contains only goods of warranted excellence & unquestionable merit.

Two super quality All Wool Yorkshire Blankets. Not a thread of cotton in them Blue borders and whipped edges, 68 x 88ins., weight 3lbs pair.

Two white Fleecy Blankets whipped edges. 68 x 90ins. 3½lbs pr.

Two White Pillow Cases, 20x30in

One Bolster Case to match 20x60

Two heavy unbleached Bolton Twill hemmed Sheets, 70x90in., weight 4lbs.

One Padeless Alhambra Quilt, 74 x 94ins. Weight 3lbs.

One Bed Rug, check design, whipped edges, 60 x 80in.

One Wadded Quilt 68x83ins. 4lbs. Price £4.10.0

Terms: 7/6 with Order 7/6 monthly Fullest Approval. Cata'ogue Free.

We have behind us a 200 years character for honest trading.

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD.

BIRD'S CUSTARD

"It's so nutritious"

Something to sing about

Why do so many Doctors prescribe Bemax?

Because Vitamin deficiency is serious

Bemax has won rapid success because it meets one of our greatest dietetic needs by correcting the deficiency of Vitamins in modern diet. Deficiency diseases—constipation, indigestion, nervous debility, etc.—arise from living on diet deficient in Vitamins—and they are increasing.

Bemax is the richest known natural source of Vitamins B and E, and so is esteemed by doctors. It puts a check on deficiency diseases. Within a few days of taking Bemax, marked improvement in the bodily condition follows.

Coupon for Free Tasting Sample and Booklet "The Way to Health."
(Please write clearly in Block Capitals.)

Name.....

Address.....

.....

Cut out and post to—
THE BEMAX LABORATORIES (Dept J.B 34), 38, Denemere Street, London, S.W.15.

BEMAX

The Natural Vitamin Tonic Food.

The 2/6 Carton lasts an adult a month.

(U.D.C. Teashops now serve Bemax in 2d. portions.)

The world's most beautiful women

Sally Blane. Radio Pictures Star.

—and **Odol**

Beautiful women owe much to Odol. They owe the wistful sweetness of a smile that reveals teeth perfect in their pearliness. Only women with such teeth can really be called beautiful. Let Odol add to your charms. Let this modern Tooth Paste bring to light the whiteness with which Nature endowed your teeth. Then your smile, too, will bring the gleam of admiration to other eyes, and you will have an additional charm to your attractiveness. Use Odol twice daily. Its fragrance will refresh you each morning and restore you each night.

TOOTH PASTE. A large tube costs only 1/-
MOUTH WASH. In Flasks, 1/6, 2/6 and 3/6

Odol Mouth Wash is specially recommended for artificial teeth. It will not discolour or crack denture plates.

Aldwych I.F.58.30

The COW—

WELL may the cow chew her cud next week with added zest. It will be her little hour of triumph when another great annual Dairy Exhibition opens at the Agricultural Hall, London, testifying again to her unrivalled gift to mankind.

And well may the morning milkman whistle with a cheerier note, for he is part and parcel of a distributive machine that is staggering in its immensity and flawless in its efficiency.

Storms break and thunder, roads and pavements freeze, fogs and mists blot out visibility, but the milk-bottles reach the doorsteps promptly to time with clockwork regularity.

Always turns up

To Mister and Missus the wonder would be if they did not arrive, and the morning tea went milkless, and baby sucked at an empty bottle, and the day's cooking plans went all awry.

But the machine does not break down. The grocer's boy may dawdle with his basket, the greengrocer may be late astir, and the laundryman may linger over to-day's double, but the milk arrives—on time.

Its passage from the cow to the tea-cup is one long but rapid romance. And it is hygienic as well as hasty. The last twenty years have witnessed a revolution in the milk trade that rarely earns the adulation it so richly deserves.

Science, hand in hand with enterprise, first-class business brains, contented workers and a sincere impulse to be of social service, has made milk a vital article of diet, pure, clean and 100 per cent. accessible.

Elegant cow-houses

Beginning at the beginning, the cow itself is more fit to supply a nation with vitamins than were its ancestors. It is better fed and better housed.

Its quarters and its treatment and care are scrupulously scrutinised by skilled inspectors, jealous of the trade's reputation.

The cow-house to-day is as sanitary, almost, as a hospital. Farm-workers and milkers look diligently to cleanliness.

The milk producer himself is inspired and encouraged by educational schemes and clean-milk movements. Cups and prizes are offered by the score.

The idea has been exploited to the extent of a Young Farmers' Club to teach sons and daughters of suppliers the proper care and feeding of animals and the necessity for perfect cleanliness.

From the farms the milk goes to a huge network of clearing and bottling stations. But a lot more has to happen to it before it finds its way to the consumer.

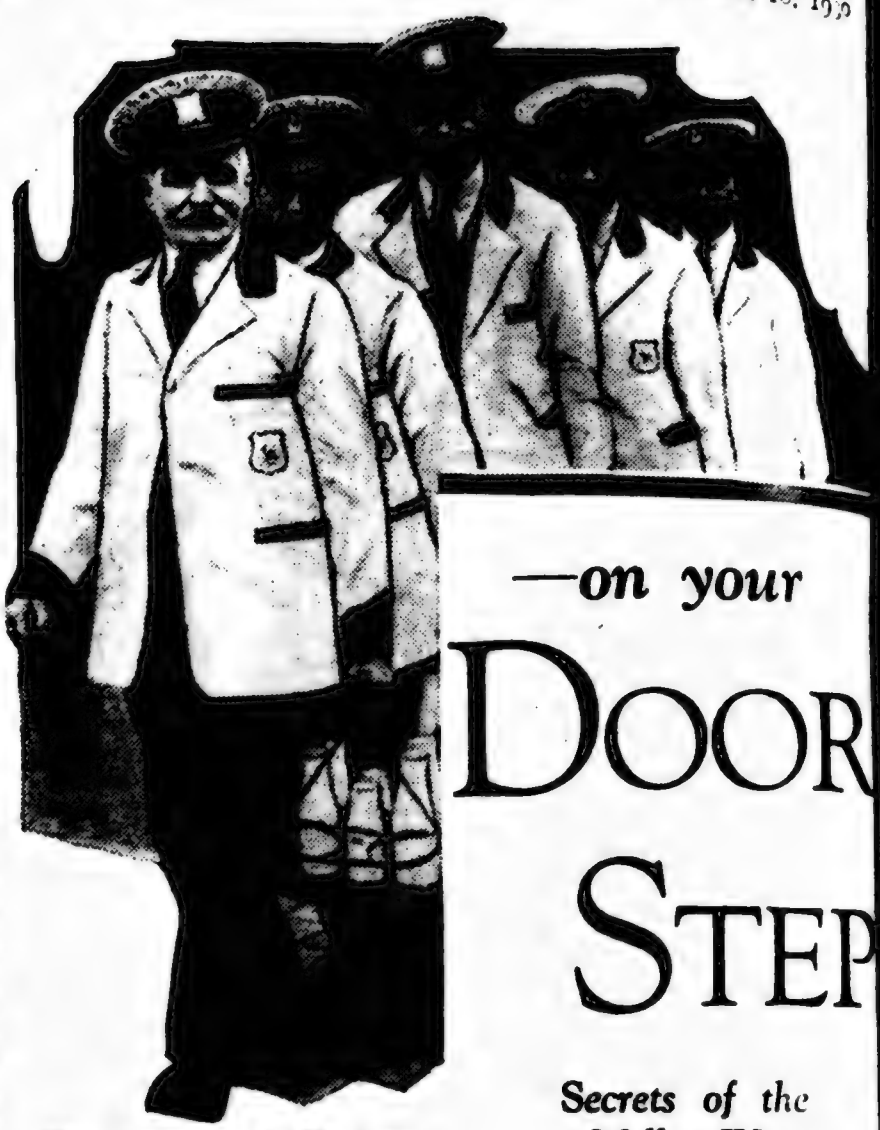
At the receiving-stations it is cooled before being despatched to the big depots of the towns and cities, to ensure that it shall arrive in as fresh a condition as when it left the farms.

Rail and road

Even its mode of transport has been revolutionised, and the old-time churn that schoolboys love to see the rail porters roll and reel with dexterous hands is seeing its last years.

To-day there are glass-lined motor and rail "tankers," in appearance not unlike the oil-tankers. They are the latest and biggest of their kind in the world.

There are tank trains carrying as much as 12,000 gallons, and the tank lorries have capacities varying from 1,700 to 3,000 gallons.



Three generations of "Milk-o" men. Grandpa E. J. Davis, who is sixty-four, leads his son and three grandsons on morning parade

The trains rush these untold gallons to their destinations at high speed. At least one big depot has its own railway-station. The biggest of the tanks will carry the equivalent of 300 churns.

On arrival at the big depots the last word in precaution against impurity is taken.

At the United Dairies, for instance, it is subjected to the sediment test, the acidity test, the butter-fat test, the bacteria count and then pasteurisation, the final link in the chain of safeguards.

Pasteurisation consists of raising the milk's temperature to a point which has no effect on its flavour or nutritive properties, but is sufficient to eliminate the possible presence of organisms which might be hurtful to health.

Then and now

And then, after this exhaustive process, it is cooled to an icy temperature and instantly sealed in clean, sterile bottles.

What a contrast to those methods of twenty years ago, when the tests for cleanliness, quality and adulteration were by observation, undertaken at random by unqualified men—milk was ladled out into the housewife's jug, which had often collected dust and germs on the doorstep overnight.

To-day, the bottle is made germ-proof with the aid of intricate washing-machines. Bottles are subjected to twenty-three operations and go bright and shining to the fillers at the rate of 8,400 an hour.

Don't Say Good-Bye!

Winter is here!—overcoats, rain, fogs and the grey drab days! The pessimists again come into their own.

If you feel yourself catching the dread germ of depression, there's only one cure—settle down to a cosy fire and a copy of the *Passing Show*, Britain's Brightest Weekly.

If you've said good-bye to Summer, you'll still find *sunshine* every week in the pages of the *Passing Show*.

—on your DOOR STEP

Secrets of the Milky Way

Tanks and tubes in the filling departments are all glass-lined throughout. The machines themselves can fill and cap sixty bottles a minute.

Huge fleets of insulated motor-lorries convey the bottles to the distributing depots. The largest of them carries as much as 1,300 gallons, all bottled.

And then the roadmen, the clockwork heroes of all weathers, draw their supplies of bottled good health and the doorstep campaign begins. Every street and every house he visits cheerful, obliging, courteous, never a grumble.

Human alarm-clock

The rattle of his van, the clink of glass on doorstep, are as good as an alarm-clock. His jovial "Milk-o" on his second and later visit when homes are astir is as good as a tonic.

They are a well-disciplined army, these milkmen. Such excellent fellows are they that it is good to know that they are to-day far better rewarded for their contribution to this miracle of distribution than was the case some years ago.

Their welfare, as well as the welfare of those employed in other branches of the industry, is thoughtfully studied.

There are clubs and playing-fields for leisure moments, benefit funds and pensions. There is more reason why they should whistle at their work.

But while recognising the perfection of the distributive service, just as invaluable is the national effort to maintain absolute purity in the milk supply.

It is no longer the practice to leave it to Government and local authorities to protect the public. Thousands of pounds are spent annually by the companies themselves on the job.

"Good health!"

One famous company makes as many as 600,000 chemical and bacteriological analyses every year, the samples being taken at every point in the progress of the milk from the farm to the consumer's door. Their own inspectors are constantly on the alert.

Drink a toast to the "Milk-o" people from to-morrow's bottle. "Good health!" all round.

Every great star and director says:

"To captivate... a girl must have smooth lovely skin"

ARY BRIAN (Paramount): *Lux Toilet Soap is wonderful"*

★

SMOOTH skin wins instant admiration," leading film directors declare. Film stars add, "It's an essential to charm."

Almost without exception the famous stars use Lux Toilet Soap — for smooth skin! It has been made the official soap in all the great studios of Hollywood and England.

You save money

See how smooth Lux Toilet Soap will save your skin. You'll delight in its refreshing perfume, too. You'll adore the shapely white tablet which gives such bountiful lather, instantly, even in the hardest water. Indeed, here — for just a few pence — are all the luxuries of the most costly soaps. You can buy Lux Toilet Soap at grocers and stores everywhere.

9 out of 10 stars keep their skin smooth with Lux Toilet Soap 4D

L. 261-312

▲ *LEVER* PRODUCT

Let Miss Diploma post You a Cheque for £50

Make a Last Line to this Limerick

£212 IN PRIZES

1st PRIZE £50
2nd PRIZE £20
3rd PRIZE £10
4th PRIZE £5
5th PRIZE £2
250 PARCELS (each value 10/-) of DIPLOMA PURE FOODS

When the parlour was papered by Dad,
The family all said 'That's not bad.'
But Ma, in her haste,
Put her foot in the paste

CONDITIONS.

The Proprietors of 'Diploma' Crustless Cheese offer a first prize of £50 and other prizes, as stated, for a best last line to this Limerick. Write your last line on a piece of paper and attach the small coloured label from a portion of 'Diploma' Crustless Cheese (either Cheddar, Cheshire, or Dunlop), or label from 'Diploma' Milk, 'Coronet' Milk, or 'Moonraker' Empire Cheese. Send as many attempts as you like, but to each must be attached a label. The Managing Director's decision is final and legally binding. Address to

***Competition* (Dept. 7),**
WILTS UNITED DAIRIES LTD., TROWBRIDGE.

Closing Date: Entries must reach us not later than **Friday, October 31, 1930.**
Result: A complete list of winners will be forwarded by post to every competitor.

DIPLOMA
the ENGLISH CRUSTLESS CHEESE
Cheddar and Cheshire

'Diploma' is the only guaranteed English Crustless Cheese awarded the SILVER SEAL of the INSTITUTE of HYGIENE for purity and quality.

The Silver Seal is awarded only when the standard of purity and quality has been maintained for five years. The samples analysed are not supplied by the manufacturers, but purchased at random in the open market.

The same conditions of purity and quality apply to all other cheese packed and manufactured by Wilts United Dairies, Ltd.

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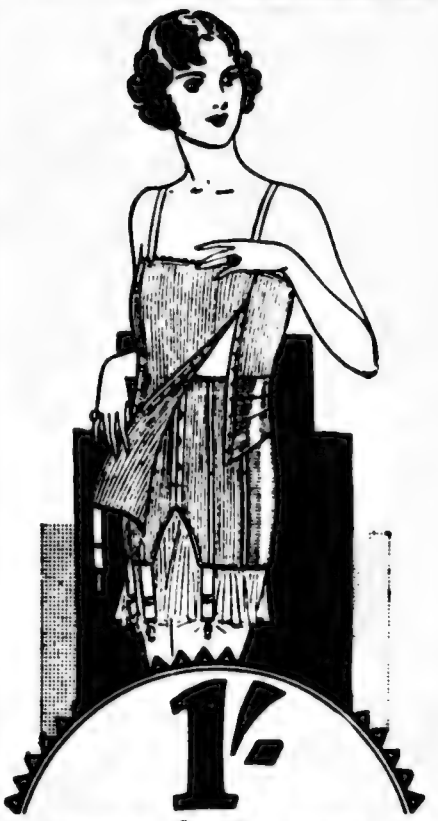
FASHION'S LATEST MODEL



1/-

secures this luxurious AMBRON BELTED CORSELETTE

The distinguishing feature of this Belted Corselette is the delightful "uphold" of the 2in. Under Belt to relieve weight or fullness, obviating fatigue, giving luxurious comfort in wear. It has the higher waist-line and soft brassiere top so essential to good fit in the new Suits and Dresses. In strip Coutille, pink or white, elastic inserts on hips, and six suspenders.
If it is more convenient to you the balance can be paid monthly.

BARGAIN COUPON
BELTED CORSELETTE

Please send me, on approval, at this week's bargain price of **7/11**, a new Ambron Belted Corselette, to following measurements:—

Bust..... **Hips**.....

Sizes range from 30 ins. to 46 ins. bust.
Please state if pink or white preferred
I enclose **1/-** deposit, with **6d.** postage, and will remit balance of **7/11** either in one sum or by monthly instalments of **2/-** each or more. If not satisfied and I return the goods at once unworn, you will refund my deposit. *Overseas and Irish Free State full cash only.*

JOHN BULL 18/10/30. No. 402

Post your Order to—
AMBROSE WILSON, Ltd., 409, Ambron House, 60, Vauxhall Bridge Road, London, S.W.1.

THIS WEEK'S BARGAIN!

Pay on Delivery

FLEECE-LINED DOUBLE-BREASTED COAT & S'WESTERS For BOYS & GIRLS 5/6
Post and Packing 9d.

Warm, Smart & Absolutely Waterproof
LENGTHS.
18in...5/6 27in...7/11
21in...6/5 30in...8/6
24in...6/11 33in...9/6
36in...10/6
Post and Packing, 9d.
PAY C.O.D. IF PREFERRED.
COMPLETE SATISFACTION guaranteed or money instantly returned without question.

Very smart and serviceable Double-breasted Coat and Sou'wester made from splendid quality leatherette which looks, wears and feels like real leather, lined throughout with camel shade fleece. Wind and stormproof a complete protection from any weather. Supplied in Black, Navy, Tan, Red, Saxe and Green.

ROBERT GRANT & CO.
(Dept. J.B.1), 76, Newgate Street, London, E.C.1.
Proprietors: World's Parcel Trading Assoc. Ltd.

H.P. sauce saves many a "hash" —

A few drops of H.P. when serving, is all that is required to make the meal a success. Good housewives know nothing else imparts quite the same mellowness and piquancy.

It's the flavour that counts—the more you use H.P. the more you like it.

danger— kill it!

LIVERPOOL VIRUS

Wipes out Rats and Mice.

Rats carry disease germs. The safest *effective* method of rat destruction is the Liverpool Virus way. Harmless to children and domestic animals. The vermin die outdoors.

Sold in tins (ready baited) and liquid in bottles, by all Chemists. Mice 1/6 and 2/6. Rats 2/6 and 6/-.

EVANS SONS LESCHER & WEBB, LTD
56 HANOVER ST., LIVERPOOL. V.2

This happy man's good nature is tickled afresh every time he lights a smoke ———for every smoke he lights is a Manikin.

Maybe you have never smoked Manikins? If not you have yet to enjoy the finer delights of Pure Ripe Tobacco —Mellow, Mild and Satisfying.

Enjoyment in every puff—Manikin flavour runs round the palate—smooth as a fine old port.

MANIKIN
·CIGARS·
MILD HAVANA FLAVOUR
5 FOR 10D.
All Tobacconists Sell Manikins

A SMART COAT.....
gives pleasure both to the wearer and her friends. You can dress beautifully without extravagant outlay if you go the right way about it. Charming Furs, Stylish Costumes, Coats and Frocks, Corsets, Underwear, Hosiery, Dress Lengths, Footwear and all women's dress requirements. Easy Monthly Payments. Write for Catalogue and Patterns of anything you want. 200 years character for straightforward trading.
J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD

REAL LIFE STORIES—*by Famous Authors*

But There's ONE NIGHT!

by MARGARET PETERSON

Illustrated by Tom Peddie

THERE was no real vice in Mrs. Swanson—you want to understand that from the first. She was a pretty woman with a passion for romance.

Swanson, whom she had married at the age of twenty-four, had about as much romance in him as a doughnut.

He had a fine figure, which, once he had passed into the thirties, was inclined to portliness, an open face, with fair hair that grew stiffly on a straight-backed head, very blue eyes, and an obstinate chin.

He was not the sort of person ever to see a ghost; that was another thing to remember.

Mrs. Swanson was apt to say, with a pout of her pretty, petulant mouth, that Swanson was old-fashioned about matrimony.

"Woman's place is the home," he was fond of saying; and "The hand that rocks the cradle rules the world."

Mrs. Swanson's hands had never rocked a cradle, which perhaps accounted for some of her petulance; but she had done a great many other things of which no old-fashioned husband could possibly approve.

When Clarice Swanson was thirty-two she met Basil Tremayne, and Tremayne, for some reason known only to the fates that govern men, fell in love with Mrs. Swanson as he had never fallen in love before, as he was never to love again.

It was ridiculous and, to Mrs. Swanson, it was embarrassing. It is embarrassing to embark upon a flirtation under the belief that it is the usual dabbling about in the shallows of love, enjoying yourself on the shores of the sea of emotion, and then to find that you have been swept right out into the deeps themselves.

Basil was a creature of the deeps. He was Irish, hot-hearted, mystic. He had brown-green eyes, a long, lithe body, and a mouth that curled like the mouth of Pan himself making music out of life.

Basil wanted to make music out of everything, even out of loving another man's wife, and anybody could have told him that that is a sordid, unmusical affair.

I was a friend of Basil Tremayne's, and I tried to put him wise about the woman before things went too far.

But he was a poet, and you cannot argue with poets. Also, he had got hold of an entirely wrong idea of Clarice Swanson, and there was no arguing about that either.

However, Basil was ordered home. He was in Government service, and had to do as he was told. The Swansons were settlers, and had a comfortable homestead somewhere outside of Nairobi, which is in Kenya.

I KNOW that Basil asked Clarice to go away with him, because he came to my house after the parting, and he was too Irish and hot-hearted not to speak.

"She loves me, but she is afraid," he said. "How am I going to get through life?"

"Like most of us do, my lad," I said, trying to cheer him up. "Yours is not the only broken heart in the world. It will mend."

"Do you think it will?" he asked. "She has been mine through the centuries," he whispered a little later. "She shall be mine after death."

"The light fell across a huddled body . . . and Swanson kneeling beside it"

The Swansons went camping s[ome] months later. They asked us, and I went, because my husband is fond [of] old Swanson, and, despite my s[ome]tures, I do not really dislike Clarice.

She knew I had been Ba[sil's] friend, and she guessed, I fancy, [that] I knew how far things had gone be[t]tween them, but she never spoke [of] him to me. Knowledge was an in[di]cretion, and about some things Cla[rice] was very discreet.

WE had a good time, any[way] until one night, when [we] were sitting over the c[amp] fire after dinner. Cla[rice] and I were side by side, with the [host] sitting half opposite us on the o[ther] side of the fire.

We had been sitting silent for se[ver]al moments, when suddenly Swan[son] leant forward.

"There is someone standing beh[ind] your chair, Clarice," he said. "[Can] you see it, Fisher? My God, what [an] extraordinary illusion!"

Clarice and I both looked over [our] shoulders. There was, as far as [we] could see, nothing, only the dark[ness] and a glint of light coming from [one] of the tents. My husband laughed.

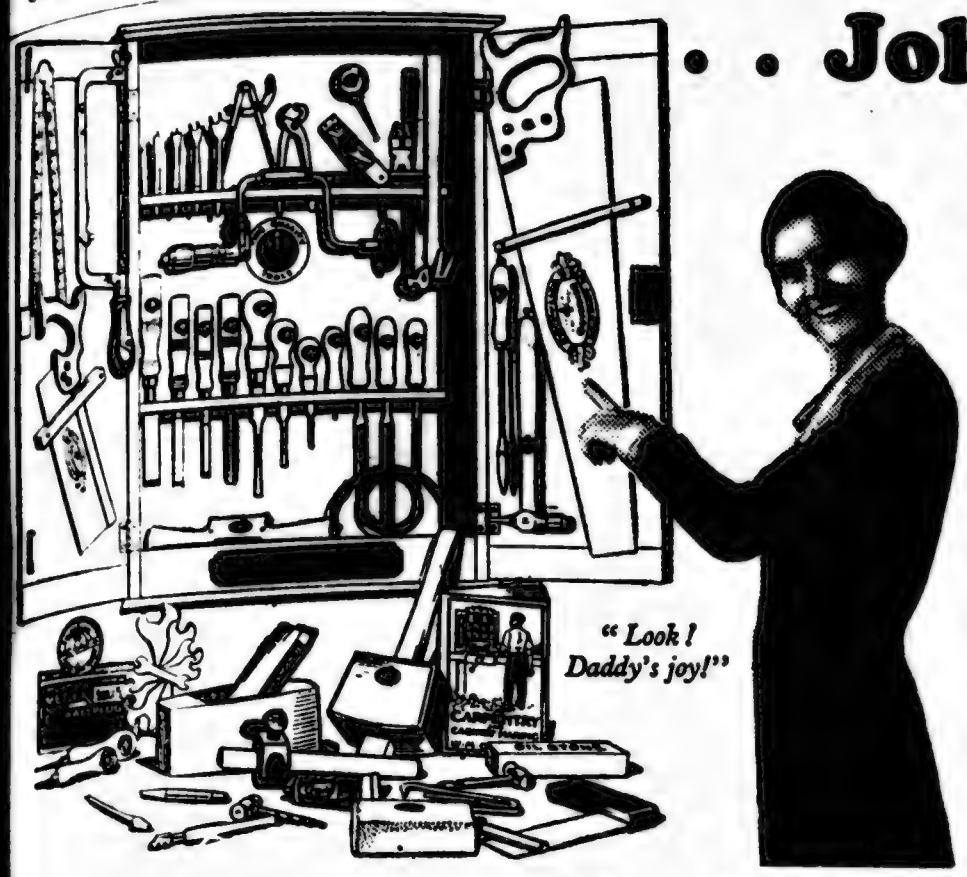
"An after-dinner illusion, Swan[son]," he remonstrated.

Swanson, however, seemed pertur[bed]. He stood up, and I noticed that [his] hand he lifted to brush across his [face] shook slightly.

"An extraordinary thing," he s[aid]. "I could have sworn——" He br[oke] off. "It must have been some sha[dow] from the fire," he said.

Clarice shivered, though the n[ight] was not at all cold. "You are t[ired]

(*Continued on page 30*)



. . John saved £3 last week with these

EVER SINCE this fine cabinet of Governor Too's arrived, John has been the proudest man in the town. He's made all the little things we wanted so much—and saved pounds and pounds in carpenter's bills. Look how the different tools fit in so snug and handy. And he paid—you'll never guess!—only a few shillings down. We both think it's the finest investment we've ever made.

The Governor Tool Outfit enables you to do a hundred and one odd jobs about the house, to make all kinds of useful articles of furniture and helps you to turn leisure hours into profitable pleasure. When closed, the Cabinet forms a handsome piece of furniture fit to grace any living room. The set includes FREE a specially edited book of instruction in amateur carpentry and home repairs.

A FEW SHILLINGS DOWN BRINGS YOU THIS FINE SET OF ALL-BRITISH TOOLS

If you are not a handyman yourself try one for your son. This cabinet is ideal for boys being apprenticed to the carpentry and joinery trade. The name of John Shaw, Wolverhampton, with 135 years' unblemished reputation, stands behind every Governor Tool Set. This is your guarantee.

FREE BOOK & INSTRUCTIONS

Any Tool Dealer will be pleased to show you a Governor Tool Cabinet. Send us the attached coupon for a large colour reproduction of the outfit and an interesting illustrated brochure specially produced for craftsmen, handymen and amateur wood workers. To ensure getting copies of this literature post the coupon to us as soon as possible.

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Fill up and post in ½d. stamped envelope (unsealed)

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Please send me, postage paid, your Free Book and Colour Reproduction.

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Common Forms of

INDIGESTION

Whatever form your Indigestion may take, Dr. Jenner's Absorbent Lozenges, made only by Savory & Moore, will relieve it. Here are a few instances:—

INDIGESTION.—"Dr. Jenner's Absorbent Lozenges are the very best remedy I have been able to get. I have tried everything I have seen advertised, but nothing has done me any good. I dreaded to eat anything, but now one lozenge has the desired effect. I cannot praise them highly enough."

FLATULENCE.—"I am delighted to state that they are truly magical in their effect. All symptoms of flatulence, flushed cheeks, etc., after meals are now at once dispersed. Also the oppressive feeling of fulness."

LONG-STANDING DYSPEPSIA WITH DISTRESSING HEARTBURN.—"The Lozenges certainly give great relief. . . . I personally will prescribe them." (Medical man.)

FLATULENCE AT NIGHT.—"One or two taken when required seem most useful in dispelling wind and other discomforts which interfere with proper sleep."

HUNGER PAIN.—"Dr. Jenner's Absorbent Lozenges are the only things I know of that take away that intense 'Hunger Pain' which is such acute suffering." (Medical man.)

Boxes 1/3, 3/- and 5/-, of all Chemists.

A FREE SAMPLE

of Dr Jenner's Absorbent Lozenges will be sent on receipt of a postcard. Mention "John Bull" and address Savory & Moore, Ltd., Chemists to The King, 143a, New Bond Street, London, W.1.

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Patterns Free.

The only floor covering to save scrubbing drudgery and save money. Pattern Book free if you mention "John Bull."

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Stylish OVERCOATS in all the most attractive and reliable Cloths, at 42/- 50/- and 63/-. Small Deposit and Easy Monthly Payments. 30 years reputation for Good Tailoring, Good Style, Good Fit and Good Quality. Complete range of Patterns now ready and Post Free, with simple self measurement form and instructions. Satisfaction guaranteed.

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Prevent this disaster which is liable to happen at any time by obtaining our FREE INSURANCE GIVEN WITH every ring we sell for £5 & upwards

The illustrations above are a selection of the latest and most fashionable designs from our window display of 10,000 rings — They are mounted in 18 Ct. Gold and Platinum, or all Platinum, & are priced from £5 upwards according to the size of the diamonds

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I tried Vick brand Vapour-Rub," says Mrs. Morris. "Denzil got relief from the first application. Now Vick comes to the rescue at the first sign of a cough."

If used promptly, Vick brand Vapour-Rub almost always checks a cold before serious complications can develop.

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Simple external treatment brings quick relief.

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Most colds yield overnight to this pleasant twofold treatment.

Regular size now only 2/-, half size 1/3, at all chemists.

VICK BRAND **VAPOUR-RUB**

Checks Colds In 2 Ways at Once

Mullard

BRINGS IT HOME TO YOU

Advt. The Mullard Wireless Service Co., Ltd., Mullard House, Charing Cross Road, London, W.C.2.

Arks

BUT THERE'S ONE NIGHT!

Continued from page 28

to frighten us, Reggie," she said. "I wish you wouldn't."

Swanson had recovered himself sufficiently to laugh. "I got a shock myself," he confessed. "It looked like that pal of yours, Tremayne. He seemed to be stooping over you——"

Mrs. Swanson interrupted. She stood up. There was terror in her movement, terrior in her voice. "Don't, Reggie," she begged, hands up at her lips.

WE all three laughed at her, but it was obvious she had been badly frightened, and though she sat down again, she was restless, peering round her from time to time.

The two men went off presently to renew their drinks, and immediately Clarice leant towards me. I could see her large, startled eyes.

"Do you think he really saw anything?" she whispered.

"Some shadow," I answered vaguely, but she swept my explanation aside with an agitated movement of her hands.

"No, wait," she implored. "Listen—it's serious. You know that Basil Tremayne loved me. It was terrible, terrifying, his love."

"Yes, but——" I attempted again.

"There was a poem," she whispered. "He used to quote it to me. I don't remember poetry as a rule, but this——" She caught her breath on a sob:

"'But there's one road, a road I've never gone,'" she quoted softly; "'And down that road I shall not go alone. And there's one night you'll find me by your side; The night that they shall tell you I have died.'".

"But Basil isn't dead," I said cheerily enough. "At least, not as far as we know. And would he remember all this time? How many months ago is it now, Clarice, six or seven?"

"He would remember." Her voice sounded dejected. But we could not discuss the subject any more, because the men rejoined us.

We separated in due course for our respective tents and bed. I lay for some time thinking vaguely about

ADA MACLAREN

says: "I am not easily startled, but ——" Read about her narrow escape from death at the hands of a madman

NEXT WEEK'S TRUE STORY

The Man in the CURIO SHOP

Basil, and wondering why he had wasted such a wealth of devotion on anyone as little able to appreciate it as was Clarice Swanson.

I must have fallen asleep finally, for the shock of waking was definitely brought about by the sound of a shot.

I sat up, and my husband sprang out of bed, grabbing his revolver.

You never know in Africa whether it is going to be a leopard or only a pariah dog that is invading your domain.

Then across the night I heard Swanson's voice, hoarse and inarticulate, and together my husband and I rushed across from our tent to theirs.

I carried our lamp in my hand; if one is wise one always sleeps in Africa with a lamp burning in one's tent. Its light fell across a body huddled by the pole of Swanson's tent, and Swanson's distraught pyjama-clad figure kneeling beside it.

"Swanson," my husband called out, "what's happened?"

Swanson looked up. "I've shot him," he whispered. "Clarice! Oh, my God! My God!"

"I woke up," he stammered on with his explanation, "and saw what I thought was a native coming into our tent. I shouted out to him, 'Clear out, or I'll fire!' But he didn't pay any attention. And even then I didn't mean to kill.

"There was something, someone, I swear, between me and Clarice. I never saw her; and look, her nightgown is white; I couldn't have mistaken it. This other thing was all dark, shadowy—much too tall for Clarice. And then I heard her cry out—a sort of frightened sob."

HE broke down completely. My husband, looking up from where he was kneeling beside Clarice, spoke calmly: "She isn't dead, Swanson, only frightened, I guess. The bullet hasn't touched her."

That was all it was; she had fainted from fear. I never heard her own account of the story.

Only when we got back to the station there was a cable for us, telling me that Basil had died of blackwater.

And I have sometimes wondered what it was that went into the Swanson's tent that night.

Catching Ten Smugglers a Day

SMUGGLING to-day is a fine art, but while undoubted genius for deception is displayed in attempts to outwit the authorities, the revenue officers are by no means asleep.

Last year more than 8,000 seizures of smuggled goods were made, and an average of ten smugglers each day were caught and punished.

* * *

A Thames water-guard recently boarded a barge in the Pool below Tower Bridge and tested a number of sacks of cement which had been imported from Holland "for building purposes."

Thrusting his "spit," or "tuck-stick," as his sword-like cane is termed, into one of the sacks, he sensed an unusual aroma. The sack was found to contain saccharine, on which the duty is 3s. 9d. an ounce.

* * *

A picturesque Finnish sailing-ship was discharging timber, when an excise officer was tempted to test a proportion of the trunks with his hammer.

A drum-like note confirmed his suspicions; some of the trunks were hollow and contained a rare and highly dutiable product.

* * *

A most fantastic case was revealed when a Manchester man, described as a "professional smuggler," appeared at Westminster County Court a month or so ago.

He had been arrested at Victoria Station, London, with 1,841 watches in his possession. He had special cloth containers suspended about his neck beneath his clothing.

A blatant attempt to bribe the preventive officer failed, and he was fined £6,000.

Special X-ray apparatus is used for examining suspected packages

A cargo of "waste-paper" imported from Belgium by way of the West India Dock was found to include bales of tobacco.

The individuals thus trying to cheat the revenue were Louis Lesser and Alexander Goldstein. They were fined £11,480 and sentenced to twelve months' hard labour apiece.

* * *

A Dutch priest who came to London *viâ* Harwich from the Hook of Holland seemed an innocent and harmless passenger. But the fullness of his trousers rather troubled a vigilant exciseman.

He invited the priest to submit to a personal search, with the result that the fullness of those nether garments was explained by the presence of packages of aniline dyes.

* * *

Coastguards and Customs officers have latterly been equipped with fast motor-boats for the purpose of coping with unscrupulous persons who, owning cutters and yachts with their own landing-stages in the upper reaches of the Thames, have utilised them for smuggling goods from France.

One of these private vessels was recently found to be carrying £10,000 worth of silks, wines and saccharine.

Two ladies and a mechanic were in charge. The "ladies" were the buyers, and the mechanic was the "crew."

* * *

Convictions for smuggling numbered 3,421 during the past year, while the penalties recovered amounted to £18,000.

It is impossible to gauge the percentage represented by actual convictions, but it is surely not unreasonable to suppose that for every smuggler who is caught there must be several who get safely through.

Naturally, the higher the duty the greater the incentive to cheat the revenue authorities, and a sane revision of our tariffs would see a rapid decline in smuggling.

GIRLS WHO NEED HELP

"She is like a ghost." One often hears it said about the anæmic girl, as a characteristic sign of anæmia is a ghastly pallor of the face. For many girls in their 'teens anæmia bars the path to healthy womanhood. At this important time, when their veins should be full of good blood, anæmia creeps stealthily upon them, robbing them of the sparkling eyes and vitality of perfect health.

The anæmic girl soon grows thin and miserable: her head droops, she is languid and exhausted, her back aches, and she is breathless after any exercise. What she needs is a course of Dr. Williams' pink pills: no medicine ever offered to the public has bestowed such important benefits upon wasted anæmic girls as these pills.

Dr. Williams' pink pills are not a mere stimulant giving temporary relief; they build up the body anew by creating the rich red blood that imparts splendid health and womanly brightness. This is why these pills are continually curing girls and women of anæmia, palpitation, breathlessness, fainting fits and nervous depression, as well as the serious state of weakness that often develops into hopeless decline.

FREE. "Nature's Warnings" is a booklet that every girl in the Kingdom should read. Write to C.E. Dept., 36, Fitzroy Square, London, W.1, for a free copy.

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EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee.

All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked — .

In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

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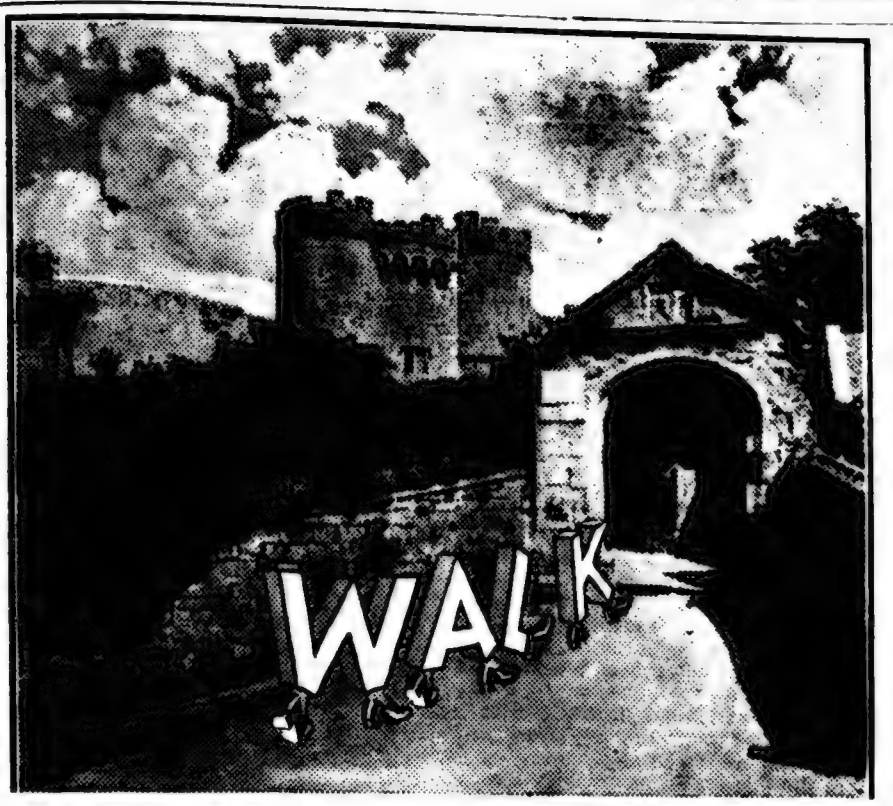

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keep fit and see the beauty of Britain

The shoe comfort so necessary for the enjoyment of your walk is best assured by the regular use of

Cherry Blossom Boot Polish

which keeps Black and Brown leathers so supple and gives a brilliant preservative shine.

Black, White, Brown, Dark Tan and Tonette. In tins with easy opener. 2½d., 4½d. and 6d.

Do you suffer from INDIGESTION?

"There are thousands like you," says Cheerioy, "and more's the pity, for there is a remedy which everyone should know by this time for it has been famous for 80 years—Page Woodcock's Pills."

Indigestion should be checked immediately or it will undermine even the strongest constitution and sufferers from this complaint or from Constipation, Biliousness, Stomach, Kidney and Liver Troubles, Anæmia, or General Disorder should know that the unrivalled specific is Page Woodcock's Pills.

Sold by all Chemists, 1/3 and 3/- per box.

Page Woodcock's Pills

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5/- NOW

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You may think such an extraordinary offer of Quality and Value too good to be true, but "the proof of the pudding is in the eating" and you can have either of the instruments illustrated which on full approval in your own home. Catalogue of Gramophone Bargains Post Free.

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GRAVES GRAMOPHONES

£650

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The only correct solution in the above contest was received from:—

Mr. John Cicero, 25, Upper Brook St., Chorlton-on-Medlock, Manchester,

to whom, subject to the conditions of the Competition a cheque for £600 will be despatched.

Solutions containing one error only were received from the following 11 competitors, who share the Second Prize of £50, each receiving £4 10s. 11d.:—

Beckley, Major F. C., 58, Clark Rd. Wolverhampton.
Charles, Miss E., 23, Howard Gdns., Roath, Cardiff.
Dieuaide, A., c/o Martin, 225, Greenhead St., Glasgow, S.E.
Ellis J., 14, Henry St., Langholm, N.B.
Girdler, Miss H., Hart Hill, St. John's, Woking.
Hutchinson, Miss V., 54, Lime Rd., Redcar, Yorks.
Kinsop, Mrs. L., Crails Lane, St. Andrews, Fife.
Markwick, Mrs G. E., 61, Brading Rd., Brighton.
Parker, W. J., 82, Oxford Ave., Southampton.
Thompson, G., 32, Harvey Rd., S.W.4.
Young, W. H., 29, Grey St., Alexandria, N.B.

Another £600 Cross-word appears on page 34. Try Your Skill Now!

INTERNAL AND EXTERNAL

ABSCESSES!

STUBBORN CASE YIELDS TO VITADATIO

Mr. BROMLEY, 106, Halifax Rd., Staincliffe, Batley, writes: "I was taken to hospital suffering from Internal Abscesses. I underwent an operation to drain same. Afterwards I had my appendix removed, thinking the Abscesses had been caused by it. Despite these two operations I recommenced with External Abscesses. They kept recurring, until I despaired of ever getting free. After taking several bottles of Vitadatio I was completely restored, and have never had an Abscess since."

If you are a sufferer—Get a bottle to-day.

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Invaluable for Blood Troubles, Liver, Kidney and Internal Ailments. Sold by Boots, Taylors', Timothy Whites and most Chemists and Stores. 3/- and 8/- per bottle, or post, 6d. extra, in Great Britain only. Special 21/- Bottles, containing 3 weeks' supply, for Export only, post free, from VITADATIO, No. 121, Armley, Leeds. V.137

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Write to-day for descriptive leaflet "How to Raise Money for Charities."

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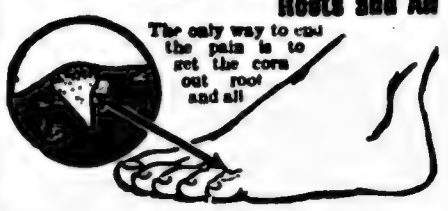
A Trial "Baby" Bottle of Wincarnis is offered in the Advt. on the front cover.

Lift Out CORNS
Roots and All



Read how this lady found foot comfort the Radox way after 4 years' suffering:—

"I have found great relief in Radox Bath Salts for corns, and callouses under the feet. I had four corns, two on each foot, for four years. After twice soaking them my corns came out. I did this about six weeks ago and they have not come back. Now I am happy to say I can get about easy. Before, it was agony to go anywhere."

(Miss) D.R., Byfleet, Surrey.

14th Sept., 1930.

When you put your feet into a Radox footbath a chemical action begins and as soon as it begins corns and callouses start to go. They commence to combine with the Radox Salts and form a protein salt of the hard skin itself. Now a protein salt dissolves in water like ordinary salt. So it is only natural that with this scientific treatment the corns should be loosened, with the result that after a few footbaths, they can be lifted out bodily—root and all. Hard skin is dissolved away too, and the life-giving oxygen which Radox liberates leaves the feet fresh and full of buoyancy.

1/6 *Half-Pound Pink Packet*

RADOX BATH SALTS

Give your Feet that "Kruschen Feeling."

At all Chemists, 1/6 per ½ lb., 2/6 double quantity, in the Pink Packet.

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DON'T IGNORE INDIGESTION

YOUR doctor will tell you that indigestion should never be disregarded for it warns that excess acid is attacking the stomach lining and, if neglected, may even cause ulcers. The quickest way of relieving stomach trouble is to neutralise the acidity that causes it, and for this purpose there is nothing to equal 'Bisurated' Magnesia. This not only instantly neutralises excess stomach acid and prevents fermentation, but soothes, and heals the inflamed stomach lining, thus repairing damage done and restoring good digestion. Every chemist sells 'Bisurated' Magnesia in powder (mint or plain) and in handy tablet form, at 1/3 a package; doctors all over the world use and recommend it for all forms of digestive disorder.

'BISURATED' MAGNESIA

prescribed for INDIGESTION, DYSPEPSIA, GASTRITIS, FLATULENCE, HEARTBURN or ACIDITY

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lends charm and distinction to the wearer. Our Fur Department offers lovely Furs at lowest prices on Easy Terms. Only small payment required with order, and monthly payments afterwards if satisfied. Write for Catalogue of all favourite varieties at a Guinea to Five Guineas upwards. Full Approval. 30 years character for straightforward trading.

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SACRED GOLD—*and the* Blackmailer's Grip

Human Documents

HERE you read some tough problems of real life, and the solutions that "HUMANIST" proposes for them. One day you, too, will be up against a difficulty which you cannot face alone. "HUMANIST" will deal with it through the post. Send a stamped, addressed envelope. For the three most poignant documents published the Editor will pay £2 2s., £1 1s., and 10s. 6d.

THIRTY years ago, during a time of acute trade depression, I and a boy friend found ourselves homeless. We were both about fifteen.

Things being bad in the North, we decided to tramp and try and change our luck. We picked up odd jobs on the road, and in six months reached the South.

Here we landed one bitterly cold December night on the edge of a town, and found ourselves without one penny-piece between us.

Seeking shelter, we found the side door of a church open, and crept inside. As we became accustomed to the dim light we saw a small white object gleaming on the top of a "Thanksgiving" offertory-box.

This proved to be an envelope marked "From a Grateful Parishioner," and, opening it, we found eight golden sovereigns enclosed.

Neither of us thought twice about annexing and sharing it as we ran from the place.

With the gold, my luck changed almost miraculously. I invested most of mine in a handcart, and have gradually worked up a substantial business. I am married and have two children.

As though in a sort of penance, I attend regularly the church I robbed, and can truthfully say that in contributions I have repaid that £4 over and over again.

But my conscience has never been easy, and, to add to my misery, my pal, who has gone downhill as I have gone up, is constantly jeering and threatening me with exposure.

He borrows my belongings, and, if I refuse any favour, he grins with a meaning and nasty look in his eye.

"HUMANIST" says:—You need not fear the threats of the man who shared your theft so long ago.

But you should take your vicar into your confidence and ask him to accept, in one lump sum, the money you purloined when penniless, with interest up to date.

PLAY THE MAN
—*the pill for apathy*

AT school I was a thoroughly unpopular boy. This was probably because I had neither the inclination nor capacity for throwing myself with enthusiasm into the school sports. In addition, I was considered backward in most subjects.

On leaving school I got a job in an insurance office, and here, I confess, I behaved in a childish way.

I had a conceit that, given the chance, I would make a good actor, so instead of studying the details of the business, I spent every possible moment in wasting my own time and that of my fellow-clerks in imitations of popular actors.

The end of this playing about was dismissal. I lost my job and have never had a satisfactory one since. My health has not been good, though at the moment, owing to a more sensible way of life, it is getting better.

I do not, for instance, hang round the doors of theatrical agents day after day, but I still go as often as possible to kinemas and theatres.

My trouble is that I do not understand the purport of any play I see or hear. I cannot remember in one scene the one that has gone before, and so fail to grasp the plot.

The same wandering attention afflicts me in company, so that I am never able to sustain my part or contribute anything worth while to any conversation that may be going on.

My feeble-mindedness worries me. I live with my parents and am in no financial stress. But I do feel that at twenty-nine years of age I should be making something more of my life, and I shall be glad of your advice.

"HUMANIST" says: Your letter does not betray such feeble-mindedness as you make out. Stop worrying about yourself and get some healthy interests.

Find something to do, even if it is digging the garden. Life is full of movement and beauty. You are just a morbid-minded goose.

SEARCH FOR SUICIDE
is pointless

WHEN I was a girl of twelve my father died, leaving mother with four children, of whom I was the eldest.

I can recollect that we were in the depths of poverty, the only income being the very erratic sums mother received from a man lodger.

It was only later that I properly understood the true association between my mother and this man.

One day, the worst of many, we children were huddled in our attic, half frozen. The baby, only a month or two old, lay on the one miserable apology for a bed, nearly dying.

Mother, that day, had not been able to get any money, even to buy a little coal.

At last I made up my childish mind. Taking an old bag, I slipped out into the street, and, seizing a moment when I thought no one was looking, I stole some coal off a cart.

A hand on my shoulder brought me round sharp, and I found myself looking into the face of a policeman. He took me to my mother, and what passed between them I do not know.

Possibly he was touched by our poverty, for I heard no more from the law, though I was read a lecture on theft.

When the lodger came in, I was crying, and finding out the reason, he bellowed out awful words, saying he would have no "coppers" brought about the place, and beat me unmercifully.

This led to a terrific row between him and mother. He said either he must go or he would. In the end mother decided that it would be better for me to leave.

I was sent to a convent, where for two years I never saw any of my relatives or received so much as a letter of news. Troubled, I asked counsel of the Mother-Superior, who promised to make enquiries for me.

Three days later, the Mother Superior, with a grave and sorrowful face, told me that my mother, after episodes that did not redound to her credit, had ended by committing suicide.

I stayed at the convent until I was eighteen, when I was sent out into service. I married, and am now a deserted wife, left with one child.

All alone in the world, I would like to get into touch with my mother. I have never believed the story told me of her suicide, and if I live to be a hundred I never will.

"HUMANIST" says: Orphanages and kindred refuges keep careful records of the history of their *protegés*. I think, if you ask, you will be given proof of the story told you.

Not to do this, while spreading the story of your disbelief, smacks of ingratitude to those who sheltered and trained you in the hour of your need.

FORECASTS FOR OCTOBER 18— *by Our Expert*

Robson, Huddersfield's new centre-forward capture

Soccer Prophecies

FIRST DIVISION.

(1) Huddersfield v. Leicester.
(2) ASTON VILLA v. Birmingham.
(3) BOLTON v. Blackpool.
(4) CHELSEA v. Sheffield U.
(5) GRIMSBY v. Portsmouth.
(6) LIVERPOOL v. Leeds.
(7) Manchester U. v. ARSENAL.
(8) MIDDLESBROUGH v. Sunderland.
(9) Newcastle v. DERBY.
**(10) WEDNESDAY v. Manchester C.
(11) WEST HAM v. Blackburn.

SECOND DIVISION.

(1) OLDHAM v. Cardiff.
**(2) BRADFORD v. Charlton.
(3) BURNLEY v. Swansea.
(4) MILLWALL v. Bristol C.
(5) Forest v. EVERTON.
(6) PRESTON v. Plymouth.
(7) Reading v. PORT VALE.
(8) SOUTHAMPTON v. W. B. Albion.
(9) STOKE v. Barnsley.
(10) HOTSPUR v. Bury.
(11) WOLVERHAMPTON v. Bradford C.

THIRD DIVISION (Southern Section).

(1) C. PALACE v. Fulham.
**(2) BRENTFORD v. Coventry.
(3) BRIGHTON v. Norwich.
(4) Bristol R. v. Watford.
(5) EXETER v. Thames.
*(6) GILLINGHAM v. Orient.
(7) LUTON v. Boscombe.
(8) Newport v. NOTTS.
**(9) NORTHAMPTON v. Walsall.
(10) Southend v. Swindon.
(11) TORQUAY v. Q. P. Rangers.

THIRD DIVISION (Northern Section).

(1) ROTHERHAM v. Gateshead.
*(2) ACCRINGTON v. Hartlepools.
(3) Barrow v. HULL.
(4) CARLISLE v. N. Brighton.
**(5) CHESTERFIELD v. Doncaster.
(6) CREWE v. Nelson.
(7) ROCHDALE v. Wigan.
(8) Southport v. Lincoln.
**(9) TRANMERE v. Halifax
(10) WREXHAM v. Darlington.
(11) York v. STOCKPORT.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.

(1) DUNDEE v. Cowdenbeath.
(2) Airdrie v. MOTHERWELL.
*(3) CELTIC v. St. Mirren.
(4) East Fife v. Aberdeen.
(5) HAMILTON v. Clyde.
(6) HEARTS v. Leith Ath.
(7) KILMARNOCK v. Rangers.
(8) MORTON v. Hibs.
(9) PARTICK v. Ayr United.
(10) QUEEN'S PARK v. Falkirk.

WINNERS IN CODE

Probable winners are set in CAPITALS. Where no distinction is made a draw is likely. Best selections are marked with two asterisks and next best with one.

As injuries to players and consequent alterations in teams may affect the chances of different clubs, we shall publish last-minute JOHN BULL special selections in the *Daily Herald* and *Sporting Life* on Saturday morning.

Division and number will be quoted as above, together with *H* for home team and *A* for away team.

Example Code: Div. I.—10 (*H*); Div. 2—2 (*H*); Southern Section—2 (*H*), 9 (*H*); Northern Section—5 (*H*), 9 (*H*). This would indicate Wednesday, Bradford, Brentford, Northampton, Chesterfield and Tranmere.

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FOR PLEASURE

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CIGARETTES
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John Player & Sons,
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FOOTBALL

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This interesting book, which has been specially written by a doctor, is full of valuable information.

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Please send me, without obligation on my part, the treatise "Varicose Veins, Their Cause and Their Treatment."

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.....

Please write plainly in Block Capitals.

What I Think of My Neighbour

Our Letter Parliament

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below, not exceeding 100 words, are invited. 10s. will be paid for each letter published. Envelopes, marked "Letter Parliament," must reach us by first post on Tuesday, October 21

What I Think about Myself

As neighbours often do, my neighbour and I quarrelled over our children. High words led to blows, and as I was the aggressor, she summoned me for assault.

When the case was tried in the local court there was a fine gathering of other neighbours "to see the fun."

I was fined 5s. and costs; but imagine my astonishment when the neighbour whom I had assaulted promptly paid the fine.

She then put her arm through mine and said: "Now, can't you and I be friends and set a better example to the others?"—*M. A. W., Manchester.*

Last Straw

He borrows my lawn-mower, gardening tools, and heaps of other things, and forgets to return them.

He borrows my children to run errands for him, and forgets to reward them.

Sometimes he borrows me to make a fourth at bridge, and forgets to return me until three in the morning.

One of these days, I expect, he'll try to borrow my wife, and then we shall "have words."—*Meek, Hants.*

Too Good

He is the mildest-mannered man that ever lived; comes straight home each night; lights the fire in the morning and brings his wife a cup of tea to bed; never lags on Friday with his pay-packet and is content with a nominal sum as pocket-money; takes his wife to the pictures, and is virtually her shadow.

His example should be copied widely to make this a better world.

I therefore hate the man like poison, for I have him shoved down my throat almost daily.—*C. Gee, Huddersfield.*

Love's Buts

I love my neighbour as myself, but I wish we lived further apart.

I love my neighbour's wife's singing, but I wish our walls were thicker.

I love my neighbour's children, but I wish their insomnia was not so stridently infectious.

I love my neighbour's tom-cat, but I wish he wasn't so Romeo-antic at night.

I love my neighbour as myself—but I hope he loves me better.—*E. B., Glam.*

Real Hero

I regard my neighbour as the only real hero I have ever met. He is not a V.C.—simply a man doing a mighty unpleasant duty, and doing it well.

He is the father of two mentally-defective boys, and his wife is a gad-about who publicly mocks the taint in his family.

With infinite patience, my neighbour has trained his boys into something akin to normality, kept them clean and respectable, and taught them irreproachable manners. And his only reward is their almost pathetic fidelity.—*Spectator, Ayrshire.*

All Cranks

I have come to the conclusion that my neighbour is a jolly good sort, even though she does gossip about me over the garden wall, and thinks I am a crank and a nuisance.

We all like to gossip, now and then, and I suppose we're all cranky, at times, and capable of being nuisances. I am no exception, and my neighbour herself isn't, either.

Still, if I want help, my neighbour can be relied upon to give it, and that is the real test.—*A. L., York.*

Not So Simple

He is the village "simple," and the cheeriest, merry-hearted fellow anyone could meet.

He sets the day right for me with his happy smile and hearty, "Hallo, my friend, keep smiling!"

And down the street he goes singing or whistling, to his light job, carrying with him his cheery greeting and smile for everyone he meets.—*L. D. O., Kent.*

No Scandal

I live in the country, with no houses near by. The birds come in and out of the open windows as they please, and sing their songs of joy to me each day.

I take my walks as I please without any comments. When I return there is always a twittering welcome from my feathered friends.

So what better neighbours can one wish for?—*S. Smith, Derwent Reservoir.*

Central News

As a bureau of information my neighbour is truly marvellous. How she acquires the many and various tit-bits of [illegible] concerning [illegible] happenings [illegible] neighbourhood always [illegible] wonder [illegible]

I admit I [illegible] ready ear [illegible] she has to [illegible] —what ho[illegible] doesn't?

Without [illegible] portunity slight rea[illegible] t l e ho[illegible] would soon come disconte[illegible] for she is [illegible] —being too [illegible] to entertain [illegible] to afternoon [illegible]

Nevertheless, for all this [illegible] from duties which my neighbour [illegible] me, I think her a bit of a hum[illegible] *Next Door, Liverpool.*

Wily Widow

She was a young widow, and [illegible] charming manners. Fascinated by [illegible] personality, and feeling sorry for [illegible] her apparent loneliness, I often [illegible] her to join us at bridge.

She recently left the neighbourh[illegible] and I have lost a partner, as my [illegible] band fell a victim to her charms [illegible] accompanied her.—*Arjay, Portslade.*

Advice Free

My neighbour is a very knowable [illegible] and generous. He gives advice freely [illegible] any subject, from housekeeping [illegible] gardening, medicine to law, politics [illegible] religion.

I can foresee, should I be so fortun[illegible] as to get an acknowledgment of [illegible] letter, that he will be on the door[illegible] waiting with "Hullo, another target [illegible] consolation? Why don't you take [illegible] advice and aim high? If I went in [illegible] such things, I should go for the [illegible] prize."—*J. T., Wallasey.*

No Grouser

He is a walking sermon. Wound[illegible] badly in the war, he has been [illegible] ployed for the larger portion of [illegible] years.

He is a cripple, and ekes out an e[illegible] tence by means of a very small pens[illegible] and provides a typical example of h[illegible] his country repays its heroes.

Yet he always greets one with a sm[illegible] and a joke, and is an object-lesson [illegible] his neighbours who are more fortunat[illegible] situated yet always have a grievance.—*E. F. W., Sheffield.*

Nosey

She must be the original "N[illegible] Parker." Not a letter, parcel or visit[illegible] can arrive without her peering out [illegible] see what happens.

She is the first with all gossip and b[illegible] news (I never knew her to be the bea[illegible] of anything good).

She boasts of always speaking h[illegible] mind, which must be a very unpleasa[illegible] one, judging by what she speaks.

But I would not say an unkind wo[illegible] to her. She lost her only child in t[illegible] war. I have my boys; they were [illegible] young.—*M. C. S., Lancs.*

Real Help

Twelve months ago my husband di[illegible] leaving me with a family of five, t[illegible] youngest a baby.

I was destitute until my neighbo[illegible] came to my rescue. She obtained em[illegible] ployment for me and cared for my bab[illegible]

Her husband has since got my t[illegible] boys employment in his factory, an[illegible] interests himself in them nightly, kee[illegible] ing them out of bad company.—*Widow, Worcester.*

* * *

Over the Fence

He is a friend in need—practical[illegible] always in need.—*C. W., Cheshire.*

She is a friend, who shares your w[illegible] and cuts it right in two.—*R. C., Bootle.*

A woman to whom you could unlo[illegible] a troubled mind and feel better for it.—*W. A., Gravesend.*

No breath of scandal ever passes h[illegible] lips and she will hear ill of nobody. She is deaf and dumb.—*E. W., Durham.*

From telling me the correct time [illegible] lending the clothes-line on washing day [illegible] and baking-tins on baking-day, I [illegible] my neighbour indispensable.—*B. R., York.*

Race with "Silver Ring"

The November Handicap Sweep

"All over?"—T. R. Rimell, Promptitude's trainer

MY final selection for the Cambridgeshire will be made in a later issue of JOHN BULL. I write these notes so far ahead of the day of the race that it is impossible to be definite at this stage.

However, the information I have is pretty good and I hope to tip the winner.

I have been inundated with correspondence relative to the Irish sweepstake on the Manchester November Handicap. The main query is about tickets.

These may be obtained from the Hospital Trust, at 13, Earlsfort Terrace, Dublin, and cost 10s. each. Cheques will not be accepted; it is best to remit by crossed postal-orders.

The sweep has the approval of the Irish Free State authorities, and can be reckoned as *bona-fide* in every way.

H.H. the Aga Khan has subscribed for sixty tickets, and those who like taking a long-shot might do worse than follow his lead, if only by purchasing one ticket.

A hint. Should any reader of these notes succeed in winning a big prize I hope it will be remembered that our "Greatest of These —" Fund is a most deserving charity.

A Scottish reader informs me that Promptitude will again win the last of the season's big handicaps—all is over bar the shouting!

We shall see. I do not think one can prognosticate until the weights are out, though Promptitude should not suffer unduly in this respect.

For the usual Saturday pair I have a fancy for Irish Spinner at Catterick, and, at Lingfield, like the chance of Pescarina in the October Nursery.

"JOHN BULL'S" CODE

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, October 16, to Wednesday, October 22.

A S 3 O E J W G P X C Z R H L

9 I K 2 F M D V Y B Q 5 T N U

In place of the Code letters printed in the *Sporting Life* and the *Daily Herald* read the one above or below, as the case may be.

32W93 would read KODAK.

"SILVER RING."

MAN'S DIRE PENALTY FOR WALKING UPRIGHT

Famous Doctor foreshadows new theory on "prevalent calamity amongst elderly men."

HERNIA CLAIMS 1 MAN IN 6?

Unique New Garment that supersedes Bandages and ordinary Body Belts & Straps

THE amazing chorus of praise for the "Litesome" Belt—from doctors and from patients, from famous athletes, sportsmen and the general public—is now swelled by the testimony of a high medical authority of international repute. This lifts the remarkable little garment out of the usual run of commercial things and foreshadows the medical conclusion that the wearer of a "Litesome" Belt may avoid the "Prevalent Calamity" of advanced years, and reduce enormously the daily peril of Hernia.

ELASTICITY OF YOUTH.

This famous doctor writes :

"As time goes on our organs and tissues begin to lose their truly boyish qualities. The first of those qualities is *elasticity*. A youth can perhaps run a hundred yards in 'evens,' but he will never do so when he is thirty. A fast bowler may be a marvel in his day, but no fast bowler was ever a bowler in his fifties, like Wilfred Rhodes. With an elderly man the abdomen begins to sag and produce the all-too-familiar 'bow window,' because *the muscles of his abdominal wall have lost their elastic 'tone.'* Athletes know the truth of this, and are not ashamed, even in their youthful prime, to wear leather wristlets, for instance, and belts to support other parts of their bodies even more important than their wrists.

PENALTY FOR UPRIGHT POSITION.

"Our bodies seem, in some respects, vastly determined to run risks, especially those from pressure and the force of gravity. The best authorities tell us that these risks are really the result of man's erect attitude, as distinguished from four-footed or arboreal animals. *Our most serious troubles are liable to begin directly young boyhood is past;* and that is why countless athletes, soldiers and sportsmen have learnt the values of *such support as will relieve weight and counteract the gradually failing elasticity of skin and muscles.*

VALUABLE NEW EVIDENCE.

"But when we came to use the type of body belt and straps formerly available we were disappointed in various ways; as, for instance, *because elastic wears out;* because many materials do not well survive washing—which is, of course, so frequently necessary; and because we were kept unduly warm where it is much more agreeable and healthy to feel cool. *The recently devised 'Litesome' overcomes all such objections, and has been, in consequence, so widely used that valuable new evidence, instructive and helpful to medical observers like the present writer, has become available.* Three particular points begin to emerge. First, it is evident that, for the almost numberless men who are bothered with more or less tiresome varicoceles this is the desired boon. It affords a due measure of that *support and substitute for lost elasticity* which a suitable bandage round the calf affords for varicose veins in the leg.

ILL-SUPPORTED WEIGHT.

"Second, it must evidently be a wise precaution to use a suspensory cradle, such as the 'Litesome' affords in ideal form, so as to *take off the weight which depends from those weak places in the abdominal wall where rupture develops.* A very celebrated firm of truss makers once assured the writer that *one man in six wears a truss for hernia.* In any case, everyone knows that rupture is excessively common and that it is *a result of ill-supported weight and ill-resisted pressure,* acting on the upright posture of 'man the erect.' As contributing to prevention, so much better than the 'medical operation for hernia,' or the wearing of a truss, the 'Litesome' has high claims to our support—or, rather, to support us.

PREVALENT CALAMITY AMONGST THE ELDERLY.

"Thirdly, it is a reasonable expectation, based on anatomical knowledge, that whatever favours the health of the vital organs favours the health of any organ which is intimately related to them through their nerve supply. Such an organ is the prostate, enlargement of which is *a prevalent calamity amongst elderly men everywhere, often calling for a formidable operation, and often shortening and spoiling their lives.* Not enough attention has yet been paid to the *prevention* of this danger. One means of defence, at least, must certainly be to maintain the health of organs which are closely connected with the prostate through the nervous system; and that is why we may hope to find, after the experience of a few years, that *men who regularly wear the 'Litesome' are less liable, in later life, to this development than their less wise fellows.*"

WHAT USERS SAY:

The following are taken from the hundreds of "Litesome" testimonials received. Originals can always be inspected :

An eminent surgeon writes :—
"*Probably a help in preventing varicocele and even rupture. I find the belt most comfortable and satisfactory. I am making it known to my patients and friends.*"—*M.D.*

"*I can walk upright again.*" 16/4/30. A.B.

"*The finest thing I have met as yet, it makes one feel years younger, I can walk upright once again, and feel much fitter.*"

Graham Walker writes :— 2/5/30.
"*I have used your belt in the North West Road Race and I have nothing but unqualified praise for it. This is the first occasion on which I can recollect using a belt entirely satisfactory in every way.*"—GRAHAM W. WALKER, Second I.O.M. Senior T.T., 1930.

Senior T.T. Winner. 7/7/30.
"*Unstinted praise of the 'Litesome' Belt.*"—W. HANDLEY.

This year's Australian XI.
"*Every member of the 1st Australian Team is very pleased with it.*"—W. L. KELLY.

Ben Atkins, the Boxer. 25/7/30.
"*A safeguard every man and athlete should possess.*"

£100 GUARANTEE.

The "Litesome" supersedes bandages, ordinary body belts and straps, and is washable and unshrinkable. Of featherweight lightness and softness, it also gives complete protection from chills to the most vulnerable parts of the body. A "Litesome" outlasts 6 suspensory bandages. The makers guarantee that all claims and testimonials are genuine and to refund money in full without question if any purchaser is not entirely satisfied.

Price 4/6 from Boots, Chemists, Gamages, Sports Outfitters, etc., or if any difficulty, *post free in plain package* from—
RAPER & HURTLEY, Ltd. (Dept. A), Hosiery Manufacturers, Keighley, Yorks.

Here's good news for those who fear winter ills. You can prevent winter ills—colds, influenza and rheumatism—by taking 'ASPRO.' There has been so much evidence and proof from thousands of users all over the world as to the quick action, efficacy and safety of 'ASPRO' with these complaints that we suggest you at least give it a trial. 'ASPRO' has a great variety of uses on account of its qualities as an Anti-Pyretic, Internal Antiseptic, Anti-Periodic, Anti-Fermentative and a solvent of Uric Acid. We refer you to the following public testimony dealing with winter ailments. The letters speak for themselves.

PUBLIC PROOF AS TESTIMONY.

DOCTORS APPROVAL OF 'ASPRO' FOR RHEUMATISM

40, Sedeque Street,
Cromlin Road,
Belfast, Ulster.

Dear Sirs,
I suffered for 13 years from rheumatism. About 2 years ago I bought a packet of 'ASPRO' tablets and started with 6 a day. They gave me great relief. Now I take 2 tablets a day and sometimes one at night. I would not be without them for the world. Everything else failed. I told my doctor I was taking 'ASPRO.' He told me to continue them. I feel quite strong, no after effects at all.
I think they are a splendid remedy.

Yours truly,
(Signed) E. HULL (Mrs.).

HEAD PAINS GO

Bridge End, Eyton,
Bishops Waltham.

Sir,
I thought I would take the pleasure in writing to say that I think 'ASPRO' Tablets are wonderful things. Why I am writing this is because my husband has suffered a great deal in the head, so seeing these 'ASPRO' so much in the paper I got him some and he says he feels twice the man now.
I am, Yours respectfully,
(Signed) Mrs. L. KING.

'ASPRO' DOES NOT DOPE DEADEN OR DRUG.

INFLUENZA & COLDS GO

15, Cathcart Street,
Rutherglen.

Dear Sirs,
It is with much pleasure I write to tell of the great benefit I derived from your tablets.
I was threatened with a bad influenza cold. After taking four of your tablets I felt great relief and the cold gradually left me and I am all right again.
'ASPRO' I shall recommend to my friends.

(Signed) T. S. GLEN.

WHAT 'ASPRO' DOES

1. It stops violent headaches in a few minutes.
2. It brings sweet sleep to the sleepless.
3. It relieves rheumatism in one night.
4. It relieves children's growing pains.
5. It saves many a sound tooth by removing toothache.
6. It brings relief without causing sickness, indigestion, or a craving.
7. It stops pain without harming the heart.
8. It soothes away irritability.
9. A hot lemon drink and two or three 'ASPRO' Tablets will smash up a Cold or 'Flu attack in one night.
10. It reduces temperature in a few minutes.
11. It can be taken any time, in Tram, Train, at Home, at Business anywhere—everywhere.
12. It is so safe a child can take it.
13. It is the greatest help for women every little while ever known.
14. It stops the ill after-effects of alcohol.
15. It relieves malaria by reducing the fever.

FIRST AID for MOTHERS

Most children are subject to Toothache, Earache, Colds and sudden bursts of Temperature. 'ASPRO' can be safely given to children so affected. It will soothe the pain away and quickly reduce Temperature.

HOW TO GIVE 'ASPRO' TO THE KIDDIES

Two simple methods of giving 'ASPRO' to the kiddies are: (a) with a little milk: or (b) break the tablet up and administer in a teaspoonful of jam. The dose is: children 2 to 6 years, ¼ tablet; 6 to 14 years, 1 tablet; 14 to 18 years, 1½ tablets. 'ASPRO' like any other medicine should not be given to babies under 3 years of age without medical advice.

3D 6D 1/3 2/6 PER PACKET

The cheapest way to buy 'ASPRO' is the 2/6 packet. It contains 60 tablets, equivalent to 3/- worth of 'ASPRO' for 2/6.

'ASPRO' consists of the purest Acetyl Salicylic Acid that has ever been known to Medical Science and its claims are based on its superiority.

ASPRO

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('Aspro') Dept., SLOUGH, Bucks. Telephone: Slough 608

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CROSSWORD
or
"BULLETS"
COMPETITION
you cannot afford
to be without

The Leader

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John Bull's sound offer

£600

must-be-won X-WORD

"JOHN BULL" will pay £600 for a correct solution on one form of "John Bull's" Crossword No 86 appearing below. Failing a correct solution, the prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry is the nearest correct solution. An additional £30 will be divided between those competitors whose solutions contain one error only, or only one error more than the winning solution. Every reader has an equal opportunity — no competitor may send in more than one sixpenny double entry—entry fee Sixpence for TWO attempts. No claims required. No entries accepted after Thursday (noon), October 23rd. Solution of puzzle will be published in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, October 30th. Winner will be given in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, November 6th. Result of Crossword No. 83 appears on page 31.

YOU'D bl... your o... trumpet with ... vengeance if y... won all that bra... wouldn't you? ... you want to ra... the wind—join t... band of "Joh... Bull" eros... w o r d e r s t... week! All y... have to do is to ... in the squares c... rectly (it's child... play, really) a... these golden no... will be yours. Don't lose time... start now!

An extra £5... for runners u...

Don't run the risk ... being late—fill in a... post your coupons earl...

Read these Rules and Conditions Carefully

1. Fill in puzzle opposite **IN ORDINARY INK**, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil, sign your name and write your address in **BLOCK CAPITALS.** Cut out coupon, place it with a Postal Order value sixpence in an envelope bearing a **three-halfpenny** stamp and post to **"John Bull" Crosswords (No. 86), 31, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.),** so as to reach us not later than noon on Thursday, **October 23rd.**

Entry MUST be sent by post.

2. Postal Orders must be made payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and crossed — / & Co. / —and the date of sending the order, complete with the name and address of competitor, must be written on the back. The number of the Postal Order must be written in the space provided in the Entry Form. Stamps cannot in any circumstances be accepted.

3. No responsibility will be accepted by the Editor for any coupon lost, delayed, not delivered or mislaid. Proof of posting will not be accepted as proof of delivery and no correspondence will be entered into.

4. In the event of a tie the **£600** prize will be divided between those competitors whose coupons are correct or contain fewest errors, but no competitor shall receive more than one share. Competitors should note that errors are computed according to the number of words which incorrectly answer the clues given.

5. Mutilated or altered Entry Forms will be disqualified. Solutions must be complete and filled in on Entry Forms provided.

6. No competitor may send in more than the two solutions "A" and "B" provided for on the Entry Forms.

7. The correct solution of the puzzle is known only to the Editor and will be kept under seal until all entries have been received.

8. The result of this competition will be published in the issue of "John Bull" on sale **Thursday, November 6th.** Any competitor who claims to have sent in a solution which is identical with the published solution or contains as few errors as the competitor announced as the **£600** prize-winner may have a scrutiny by demanding the same by or before first post **Tuesday, November 11th,** after which date the prize-money will be despatched and no claim will be considered.

9. If such demand is found to be correct the result will be amended accordingly, and any competitor demanding a scrutiny must accept as final the result of such scrutiny as certified by the Editor.

10. Every request for a scrutiny must be made by Registered Letter only and must be accompanied by a remittance of £5, which will be returned to the competitor if his claim prove valid.

Request for scrutiny must be addressed to:—**The Competition Editor, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2.** Envelopes should be marked "Scrutiny" in top left-hand corner. All applications must be accompanied by a copy of Entry Forms and number of Postal Order. No claims for scrutiny can be entertained in connection with the additional award of £30 cash, the winners of which will be finally decided according to the result of our careful searches of all entries.

11. Entries for this Competition must not be enclosed with "Bullets" entries or other correspondence addressed to "John Bull."

12. The Editor's decision is final and legally binding in all matters relating to this competition, and acceptance of this condition is an express condition of entry.

13. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not allowed to compete.

14. Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

Closing Date, Thursday (Noon), October 23rd.

CUT HERE

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 86

Entry Form "A."

"JB" 86

Do not separate these forms.

Entry Form "B."

CUT HERE

"JB" 86

CUT HERE

In entering this Competition I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto and enclose 6d. P.O. No.....

These Entry Forms must not be separated and a postal order for SIXPENCE must be enclosed to cover either ONE OR BOTH entries.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

Closing Date Thursday (noon), October 23rd.

CUT HERE

B.B.—Cut out the aboove Form complete.

Clues Across.

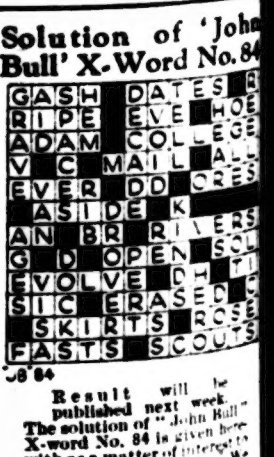
1. CAVALRYMAN.
5. EMPLOY.
6. WHAT ORATORS DO.
7. OFTEN DONE TO A BE... BARREL.
8. FOUND IN THE DESERT.
9. USEFUL IN THE HOUSE.
11. SMALL ISLANDS.
14. ALSO.
15. AFTERNOON MEAL.
18. PLAYS ON WORDS.
19. BOON COMPANION.
21. GREAT SCARCITY.
23. FOUND ON A PETROL TA...
25. ATTRACTS WITH TO SHOE...
27. A PAIR.
29. WE SIFT WITH THIS.
32. PROCESS IN DRESSING HA...
33. MIND YOU DO NOT SLIP ... THIS.
34. BRIGHT COLOUR.
35. COMMON IN CHICAGO.

Clues Down.

1. YOU'LL FIND THIS BY T... FIREPLACE.
2. COMMENCE A VOYAGE.
3. A BUILDING.
4. SOLDIERS ARE IN A BATTL...
5. OVERTURN.
7. HAPPY DOG WAGS IT.
9. SEEN AT WINE MERCHANT...
12. A HAPPENING.
13. LABOUR.
13. CATTLE DEALER STUDIES ... FAIR.
16. RESIDUE OF A FIRE.
17. HEALTH RESORT.
18. ROOF OF THE MOUTH.
20. SUITABLE.
22. EXCITED BY DESIRE.
24. OF IMPORTANCE AT WE... MINSTER.
26. SPIRIT IS PUT INTO THIS.
28. LIMB USED IN FLIGHT.
30. BLOTS SOME PEOPL... CHARACTERS.
31. AN AGE.

Chambers's 20th Century Dictionary & Nuttall's Dictionary (latest edition) used in compiling the puzzle.

Solution of 'John Bull' X-Word No. 84



JB 84

Result will be published next week. The solution of "John Bull" X-word No. 84 is given here with as a matter of interest to our X-word competitors. We wish to emphasise that no claims are required for this X-word, as all entries are being carefully examined by our staff.

Write to "John Bull" About It!

T. R. S. (Leeds).—"I hold the key to a baffling myste y." But can you open the wretched tin?

The Editor REPLIES

THE Editor may be flippant on this page, but his humour is never malicious. He likes to end up the week's work on a bright note. Serious questions are dealt with by the expert staff of our Free Advice Service. Every subject is dealt with—from matters relating to baby's welfare to the care of four-footed pets. Our dog expert is particularly busy these days—there's a bigger interest in dogs than ever before—and he undertakes to guide dog-owners in every matter relating to the animal.

L. M. (St. Albans).—"Girls are beginning to take an interest in agriculture." Especially husbandry.

Mrs E. (East Ham).—"I keep a book, and every time my boy fights I make him write fifty lines." His scrap book.

Mrs L. (Hastings).—"When I married him I thought he was a brave man." He was.

M. B. (Chelsea).—"I caught my son cutting wood with a razor." Did you take him the strop?

HONEST (Todmorden).—"I am as good as my word." We pity you if you are as bad as your handwriting.

M. C. (Sheffield).—"As I write this letter the sky is overcast." So was the sky when we received it.

M. D. (East Sheen).—"I never do things by halves." Then how do you eat your grape-fruit?

D. C. (Oxford Street).—"Many men owe their success to their tailors." But they don't all pay for their success.

P. B. (Sussex).—"My wife made me say that I am." Are you boasting or apologising?

R. N. (Ripon).—"At what period of the day are trains most needed?" A few minutes after they've gone.

T. A. (Ware).—"Meeting is better than parting." There is no difference when a bill is due.

W. D. (Dartford).—"I lost my appetite when the bailiffs came in." Was that all they took away?

J. S. (Chepstow).—"Alcohol is a good thing for preserving almost anything." Except secrets.

V. H. (Knapton).—"A rich man can marry anyone he likes." A poor man has to wait until someone likes him.

W. J. (Deptford).—"I am always a match for my employer." But he can beat you.

C. C. (Merthyr).—"I was going to burn my story, but sent it to you instead." That puts the matter in a new light.

T. P. (Norwich).—"I am writing this in semi-darkness and it is straining my eyes." Yes, and we strained ours to read it.

D. P. (Ayr).—"What argument is there against Esperanto becoming the universal language?" Wireless enthusiasts are finding unable to prove they got ten foreign stations.

R. M'C. (Braemar).—"A politician caught his foot in a rabbit trap while out shooting recently." A politician is often caught, though he not infrequently puts his foot in it.

H. P. (Hove).—"How did the enclosed idea strike you?" It didn't — we dodged.

E. G. (Ludgate Hill).—"The new traffic lights have prevented many accidents." A signal success.

MAUD (Grendon).—"I was once very much attached to a young policeman." Did the handcuffs hurt your wrists?

A. B. (Yeovil).—"I can't cure my son of slamming doors." He is evidently meant to be a railway porter.

S. K. (London, S.).—"A waitress got married here recently." But we don't suppose she heard the wedding bells.

P. D. (Bexhill).—"On three occasions I took a photograph of my daughter and her young man alone in the sitting-room." Do you expect developments?

J. K. (Liverpool).—"Beggars can earn more money than many workmen." Many workmen certainly receive beggarly wages.

DOCTOR (London, W.).—"I know four men who have been thought dead and who are still alive to-day." You do not say which constituencies they represent.

G. K. (Chester).—"Alarm-clocks were known 2,000 years ago." Nowadays they are so well known by domestic servants that the most strident early morning peal sounds like a soothing lullaby.

T. P. (Bodmin).—"I am leaving my husband because he will persist in bringing garden soil on his boots into the house." You appear to have grounds for so doing.

J. S. G. (Luton).—"I have calculated that in every month of wireless programmes the lectures last for seventeen days." One consolation, however, is that the days have begun to get shorter again.

T. C. S. (Plymouth).—"A German scientist claims to have discovered the most destructive force of modern times." In fairness, however, it should be pointed out that our laundry thought of it first.

T. V. (Burnley).—"What will you give me for the enclosed article?" It back.

J. B. (Stanmore).—"Can you suggest a useful and inexpensive present to give a bride?" A tin-opener.

P. H. (Edgware).—"There are savage tribes in the South Seas who pay no taxes." Then why are they savage?

L. N. (Sonning).—"I encountered my tailor in the street" That is what is known as meeting trouble half-way.

N. K. (Camden Town).—"My friends say I am a wit." We should imagine that they are half right.

R. V. (Chiswick).—"Bloodless surgery is already here." But barbers are so slow to learn.

TENOR (Bradford).—"I hate my audience too near me." Within a stone's throw?

C. P. (Sale).—"I played a harp for twelve consecutive hours." That required a lot of pluck.

F. P. (Hampstead).—"I have been a slimming expert for the last five years." A person of wide experience.

G. B. (Cookham).—"I am not thin-skinned. I am the first to laugh at my own foolishness." Your life must be one continuous round of merriment.

H. K. (London, N.).—"Many papers will not publish matrimonial advertisements." But every daily has a column of advertisements for flats wanted.

SOLICITOR (Ashton).—"A wealthy client has disinherited his son for marrying the maid." Quite right. A maid is so difficult to get to-day.

H. K. (Kennington).—"Musicians don't take enough exercise." With the exception, perhaps, of those energetic musicians who dash up and down beside outsize xylophones.

G. C. (Cardiff).—"There isn't much left from £3 a week when she's finished shopping on Friday—you can take that from me." You'll have plenty to spare if you win a *Bullets* Life Pension this week—you can take that from us!

MODISTE (Mayfair).—"Some of the new frocks are composed of eleven yards of material." But it is doubtful if frocks will ever be worn as long as men have to wear their suits.

F. K. (Stanmore).—"Until recently grape pips were useless, but now an oil is extracted from them." For some time, however, they have been a profitable sideline for surgeons in appendicitis cases.

B. P. (Clacton).—"My baker now sells bread in slices." At a cut price?

Mrs. W. (Taplow).—"I have always kept my husband." Waiting?

PHYLLIS (Preston).—"How long does the fashionable girl wear her frock?" About twice.

P. C. (Wapping).—"How much sleep does an ordinary man require?" Just another five minutes.

P. V. (Taunton).—"I write all my poems when I'm ill." Here's health to you!

C. E. (Dulwich).—"Are cards really wicked?" Some hands are devilishly so!

C. S. (Hornsey).—"Can a man earn much by singing?" Only the thanks of his neighbours when he stops.

S. S. (Sidmouth).—"I trod on a girl's foot and she glared at me." Gently press it next time and she may smile.

H. T. (Egham).—"Although I have been made bankrupt three times, I am now doing well." You failed to succeed.

C. J. (Elstree).—"Our slate club secretary is very fat." That's the kind to have. Beware of sprinters!

PAUL (Homerton).—"My married life has been one long dream." What luck you've had, to be able to sleep through all your trouble.

B. U. (Lincoln).—"It was just a slip and yet I was heavily fined." Next time make sure that you hand it to a bookie and not to a policeman.

COMEDIAN (Chatham).—"Can you imagine anything worse than an artiste forgetting his lines?" Yes, a living statue getting hiccups.

LECTURER (Bath).—"To succeed in any job you undertake, open your ears wide and close your mouth tight." If the job is eating a melon, reverse the process.

Mrs. T. (London, S.).—"Most husbands are annoying." Some, however, are considerate enough to answer back and so allow an enjoyable argument to commence.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

SIDE-Slips

Examples of genuine unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelopes "Slips."

THE MAGNET:—"'I will KICK you out with my own HANDS, sir!'"

WEEKLY SCOTSMAN:—"Few novelists have got into print at an earlier age, for 'John Burnet of Barnes' WAS WRITTEN AT 1, and published before he was 20."

DAILY MIRROR:—"The trousers of printed Shantung have a SMART V-SHAPED YOKE."

SUNDAY COMPANION:—"The door of the house closed NOISILY in SILENCE."

GLASGOW EVENING CITIZEN:—"Her Royal Highness, in whose honour a Royal salute was FIRED by the BUGLERS."

BIRMINGHAM MAIL:—"It contained an EMPTY safe FILLED WITH BRICKENDS."

PEORIA (ILL.) SUNDAY JOURNAL:—"She had been AFFLICTED with the Congregational Church for the last forty years."

DAILY TELEGRAPH:—"A bull which ran amok gored a TELEGRAPH POLE, behind which several men were sheltering."

SEXTON BLAKE LIBRARY ("The Crook of Cranford Court"):—"Blake thrust his hand over his heart and drew a breath of relief to HEAR its steady beating."

WESTERN MAGAZINE:—"There was THREE SHOTS so close together that you would have thought that FOUR men had fired them."

ANSWERS:—"A golden bowl which was ONCE presented to Nelson by the people of Portsmouth AFTER the Battle of Trafalgar."

LISTEN
AT LESS COST
Exide
"D"
Series
BATTERIES
for wireless low tension
Type DTG, 20 amp. hrs. 4/6 per 2 volt cell
Type DFG, 45 amp. hrs. 8/6 per 2 volt cell
Type DMG, 70 amp. hrs. 11/- per 2 volt cell
Type DHG, 100 amp. hrs. 14/6 per 2 volt cell
£3

HOME TRAGEDIES

John Bull pays £200

A FATAL fall downstairs in the dark—a plunge to death from a ladder—two more "John Bull" readers are the victims of accidents met with in the home. "John Bull" has dispatched to the widows of each a cheque for £100 under "John Bull's" Great Free Insurance Gift

£100 to Mrs. M. Rummings, 2, Phœnix Passage, High Street, Cheltenham. Her husband was making his way downstairs in the dark when he slipped and fell, dying of his injuries.

£100 to Mrs. M. E. Squires, 3, Dale Road, Derby. Her husband was standing on a ladder fixing a water trough, when the ladder slipped and he plunged to his death.

Are you and yours protected? Have you signed the forms?

Against FIRE, STORM, FLOOD, SICKNESS and ACCIDENT, "John Bull" covers you free.

CUT HERE

JOHN BULL

***Hand* this Coupon to your Newsagent.**

To (Name of Newsagent) .....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

Date .....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

J.B., 18/10/30

CUT HERE

Post this Coupon to

"John Bull" Registration Department, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

.....
Reader's Signature.

Age.....

Address .....

.....

.....

Name and address of Newsagent .....

.....

Date .....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if (d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return. PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B., 18/10/30.

THREE MORE *Life Pensioners Wanted*

Mr. T. Armer

WHAT wouldn't you give to be in the shoes of Mr. T. Armer, 342s, Mill Street, Liverpool? During the next thirty years he is going to draw from JOHN BULL in weekly instalments of £5 the astonishing sum of over £7,500!

Yet at this time last year, young Mr. Armer was struggling along on a booking-clerk's salary. Then came a golden thunderbolt—a telegram which made him a Pensioner, simply for putting a few simple words together into the "Bullet"—HUMANITY DEMANDS—PRIVACY—"LOOK INTO" SLUMS!

"Regularly since last November," says Mr. Armer, "I have received from JOHN BULL every Saturday morning a cheque for £5. Regularly, as long as I live, a £5 cheque will so arrive.

"For me, with my simple tastes and not too extravagant desires, it means lifelong independence.

"Any of you," continues Mr. Armer, "who message to JOHN BULL readers, 'I have written my winning line.' Look at that "Bullet" again and you will realise the truth of Mr. Armer's encouraging words. And then look at the opposite page, where we are finally offering this week not one, not two, but *three* Pensions for Life!

On Friday, November 7 we shall announce the winner of £5 a week for life or £2,500 cash; the winner of £2 a week for life or £1,000 cash; and the winner of £1 a week for life or £500 cash.

Sit down this evening and think over the thrills, the satisfaction, the limitless advantages of becoming a JOHN BULL Pensioner or a £2,500 winner. Then, with the full instructions before you, set to work and win a life-time's independence or 600,000 pennies for your thoughts!

23 READERS WIN BIG "BULLETS" PRIZES

FIRST PRIZE OF £350, COMPETITION No. 775:

Mr. James Littlewood, 21, Welch Road, Southsea, Hants.
Example:—YOUNG VILLAIN
Bullet:—"REBORN" GERMANY MUSTN'T BECOME.

SECOND PRIZE OF £50:

Mr. J. Ostle, 83, Rampside Road, Barrow-in-Furness.
Example:—If Sport Were Abolished
Bullet.—Crowds Round *Agitator's* "Pitch."

THIRD PRIZE OF £25:

Mr. W. T. Pearce, "Southernhey," Bethune Avenue, Friern Barnet, N.
Example:—Puzzling
Bullet:—To Schoolboy, *Paying* Engine-drivers!

20 WINNERS OF RADIO GRAMOPHONE AND £2:

J. BAILEY, 132, Radcliffe Road, Bolton.
Young Villain—Sometimes Through Missing "Play."

L. BARNES, 57, Ellesmere Road, Bow, E.
His Address—Made Policeman *Caution* Welshman.

A. G. BARKER, 34, Woodlands Park Road, Kings Norton, Birmingham.
In A Frenzy—Members—Or A Trance!

F. BELL, 86, Tib Street, Manchester.
If Sport Were Abolished—Our "Funeral," Not Grandmother's.

R. T. CAMERON, 22, Willowbank Crescent, Glasgow.
Man With A Job—And Light Taxes, Frenchman.

W. G. COOK, 9, Railway Road, Cinderford.
Rotten—Wages, Hastening Agriculture's "Decay."

H. DEVERILL, 149, Longford Crescent, Nottingham.
If Sport Were Abolished — His Wife Probably "Winner."

F. FROST, 15, Sneinton Boulevard, Nottingham.
If She Wants To—Upset Me, Tidies Up.

F. C. HEYWOOD, 24, High Street, Ironbridge, Salop.
Man With A Job—Preferred "Side-lines"—Got "Shunted."

J. HOLLIS, 44, Crown Hills Av., Leicester.
Blown Up—Private, Generally—General, Privately.

V. MICHELL, 47, Dumfries Street, Treherbert, Rhondda, Glam.
Rotten—But Stopped "Rot." Egg.

H. MILLARD, 1, Penryn Street, London, N.W.
Young Villain—Father's "Appearance" Stops "Performance."

C. W. SHORE, 64, Hillside, Parmborough.
Man With A Job—Lucky, But Shouldn't Gamble.

Mrs. TAYLOR, 31, Deveron Street, Huntly.
Ever Open Door—Baffles The Diplomatic "Burglars."

J. G. F. TOD, 28, Southdale Road, Birkenhead.
Ever Open Door—Reason Cash "Ran Out." (Entered on "Target" Prize Coupon.)

A. E. PURKIS, 10, Salem Place, Blackboy Road, Exeter.
Does The Trick—"Telling" Effort, Not Tale.

S. J. WALKER, 4, Gladstone Dock Buildings, If She Wants To—Sell? Britain's Customers Wonder.

Miss B. WALTERS, 37, Plasturton Avenue, Cardiff.
Made Grandpa Laugh—Baby "Till I Cried."

H. WATERS, 10, Mostyn Avenue, Liverpool.
Another Baby—Family "Rivet"—Hammered" Later.

F. G. WEST, 18, East Durrants, Rowland Castle, Hants.
Another Baby—Luckily, Landlord Runs Dairy.

ALL PRIZE-WINNERS HAVE BEEN NOTIFIED.

A list of 23 £1, 50 10/- and 500 2/6 winners in No. 775 can be seen at these offices.

The original cheque for £2,000 awarded to the prize-winner in Competition No. 774 will be displayed in the window of Mr. Morris, Bean Acre, Shirehampton, Bristol.

"BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for that Bullet which in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the sole test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon, and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed & Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses at the back of the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor's decision on any matter or dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

Employees of Odhams Press and their families are not eligible to compete.

Worth £500 a Page!

"EVERY word, every week"—that's how Mrs. E. S. Davis, the winner of last week's £2,000, devours her weekly *Bullets Bulletin*. "It's just like reading a letter from a friend," she says.

Bullets Bulletin can be your friend too. Its helpful pages of hints and encouragement are yours every Thursday for the mere cost of postage, and if you use the coupon it contains and become a regular reader, you will also receive a free *Bullets* Fountain Pen.

Your name and address on a penny postcard will bring a specimen copy post free, but your better plan is to fill in the coupon below, enclosing P.O. value 6d. (crossed "& Co.," payable to JOHN BULL) to cover cost of postage of *Bullets Bulletin* for twelve issues, commencing as soon as possible.

USE THIS COUPON TO SECURE

FREE "BULLETINS"

I enclose P.O. value sixpence (crossed "& Co." payable to John Bull") to cover postage of 12 consecutive issues of "Bullets Bulletin," commencing with the next available issue.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

Post to: "Bulletin" Dept., Odhams Press Ltd., 19, Short's Gardens, London, W.C.2.

JOHN BULL'S GREAT NEW PEN OFFER

"AS USUAL"

"Pen received was quite up to expectations. The usual JOHN BULL quality."—W. W. WARD, Esq., 1, Bryn Terrace Mumbles, Swansea.

Cash the Coupons! Grasp this opportunity to become the possessor of the famous JOHN BULL Pen fitted with 14-carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped. With each pen is presented a 2/6 Everpointed Pencil free, heavily plated, complete with re-fills. Written guarantee accompanies both pen and pencil.

"John Bull's" Pen Coupon Value 6d.

Two of these Coupons (value 6d. each) will be accepted as One Shilling in part payment of the JOHN BULL Pen.

For the 5/- Pen send 2 Coupons and P.O. for 4/-
For the 3/6 Pen send 2 Coupons and P.O. for 2/6.

Add 3d. for postage and insurance in each case.

State if fine, medium or broad nib is desired (cross out grades not suitable). Name engraved in gold on Pen, 6d. extra. Give name or initials required. Cross remittance / & Co. / (make payable to JOHN BULL).

Address: "John Bull" Pen Dept., 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

3 'BULLETS' LIFE PENSIONS

MUST BE WON BY OCT. 25 HURRY UP!

£5 A WEEK FOR LIFE OR £2,500 CASH

£2 A WEEK FOR LIFE OR £1,000 CASH

£1 A WEEK FOR LIFE OR £500 CASH

LIFE-LONG INDEPENDENCE MAY BE YOURS THIS WEEK

Enter quickly for this Record Offer! Already we are paying Life Pensions to Mr. S. H. Garner, 81, Sydenham Place, Otley Road, Bradford and Mr. T. Armer, 342b, Mill Street, Liverpool. Now you can join them and enjoy life as a "Bullets" Pensioner!

OTHER PRIZES | 4th Prize £50 | 5th Prize £25 | 10 PRIZES OF £5, 10 PRIZES OF £2.10 | 50 PRIZES OF £1, 100 PRIZES OF 10/- | 1,000 PRIZES OF 2/6, 10,000 'TARGET' PRIZES

THREE INCOMES FOR LIFE—BE QUICK!

ON Friday, November 7, three magic messages will flash along the wires to the three new JOHN BULL Pensioners.

Be quick if you want the thrill of winning in this record contest an income for life or a huge lump sum.

You have only to add any TWO, THREE or FOUR WORDS of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* on this page and you have completed a Bullet which may put you at the top of the prize-list.

As a specimen, suppose you choose the *Example* BREAKING THE FETTERS, the added words DAMSEL PREFERS "MENDING" would complete a *Bullet*.

Seize your opportunity of life-long independence whilst there is yet time. Spend the next ten minutes on getting the knack of making a winning effort, to which the long list of prize efforts on the opposite page is your best guide.

Address Your Entry:— "Bullets" No. 778, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.).

Example _____ Closing SAT. Oct. 25
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(778) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 38. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d. Address _____

Example _____ Closing SAT. Oct. 25
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(778) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 38. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. Address _____

"Bullets" must consist of Two, Three or Four Words.

Example _____ Closing SAT. Oct. 25
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(778) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 38. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d. Address _____

CHOOSE FROM THESE "EXAMPLES"

BREAKING THE FETTERS
HELPING RAMSAY
SELDOM LACKING
TRAVELLERS
AS THINGS ARE
POLITICIANS SAY
ONE CONSOLATION
SILENT TRIBUTE
APPETITE FOR WORK
IN THE WORLD TO-DAY
LADY OF LEISURE
GETTING BEHIND
FAR MORE
FALLING LEAVES
MUST BE NICE
THROUGH HER TEARS
ON THE PLATFORM
THE BOYS
CAST ASIDE
WITH A LIGHT HEART
A HOT TIME
SOARING TO SUCCESS
A MONEY-GRABBER
AGAINST THE TIDE
BETTER MAN
EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS
SUNNINGLY
OFFICE COMEDIAN
UP TO THE MOMENT
REPAIRING THE DAMAGE
TO THE LAST
WITH A SQUEEZE
IDEAL
DARK DAYS
STATE OF MATRIMONY
SHIRKING
NOT TO BE FOUND
ONCE IN A LIFETIME
MUST GO
CUPID GAME ALONG AND

ENTRY-FEE.—You must enclose a Postal Order with your entry at the rate of 6d. for each coupon submitted. This should be made payable to "John Bull" and crossed "& Co." Write your name and address with date of posting on the back of the Postal Order. See rules on page 38.

Example _____ Closing SAT. Oct. 25
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(778) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 38. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s. Address _____

Example _____ Closing SAT. Oct. 25
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(778) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 38. With 5 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s. 6d. Address _____

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

Example _____ Closing SAT. Oct. 25
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(778) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 38. With 6 Coupons, send P.O. for 3s. Address _____

NEXT WEEK RECORD OFFER OF 250 CHRISTMAS TURKEYS!